

PRESIDENTS AND PIES



By

ISABEL ANDERSON

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Presidents and Pies





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A PRESIDENT AND A PIE
PRESIDENT TAFT AT A RED CROSS LUNCH AT FORT MYER

PRESIDENTS AND PIES

Life in Washington

1897-1919

BY

ISABEL ANDERSON

With Illustrations



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DEDICATED
WITH MUCH LOVE TO MY SISTER
ELSIE McMILLAN
WITH WHOM
I ASSOCIATE MY EARLY DAYS IN WASHINGTON

FOREWORD

A CELEBRATED novelist once said, "If you write from the outside, you will soon reach the end of your material, but if you write from the inside, you can continue forever — you are never written out. It is like drawing on a well which is fed from an inexhaustible spring." But yet, though I have written more travel books than fairy stories, I have hopes that my well will never prove empty. No doubt it will need to be replenished, but twenty years in Washington, with its statesmen and diplomats, with its people from all over the world, with its wars and its crises, ought to furnish some underground spring. At any rate, I shall send the bucket down and see what is brought up.

I am anxious to record my memories of old Washington before the World War, as well as the changes brought about by it, for we all feel that many of the changes have come to stay, and that the city will never be quite the same again. I started out simply to tell a little of the life in the Capital during the administrations of the last

four executives, ending with the war-time canteen here; in other words, to talk of Presidents and Pies, but as I ramble on, there are more I's than pies and more parties than politics.

Unlike a recent autobiographer, I shall not skip a decade or so without a word of explanation. If there are gaps and empty spaces in this narrative, it is because my notes were taken at varying intervals and must be considered more or less fragmentary. For a time we lived in Brussels and Japan, for eight months during the present war I worked in France and Belgium Libre, and throughout several administrations the spring saw us taking trips or returning to our country place in Brookline.

“What’s the point in writing a book about your home town?” asked an interested friend. “To get yourself into trouble? Rather risky to write about Washington when you live there, it seems to me.” She added suggestively, “And it’s your thirteenth book, too, is n’t it?”

“Well, it may be risky,” I answered, “but I’ll run the chance, for it is n’t my thirteenth book, but the fourteenth, you see, so the hoodoo must be lifted.”

Nevertheless, I realize that I have undertaken a delicate task. Some people who have not been mentioned may wish they had, and some who have been mentioned may wish they had n't. Moreover, some of the caricatures and comments on human frailties may not be appreciated. But at least my conscience is clear, for it has all been done in a kindly spirit and without malice, wishing no man ill and all men well.

I want to thank Miss Katherine K. Crosby and Miss Esther Bates for helping me collect my scattered notes, and also the *National Magazine* for allowing me to reprint several articles.

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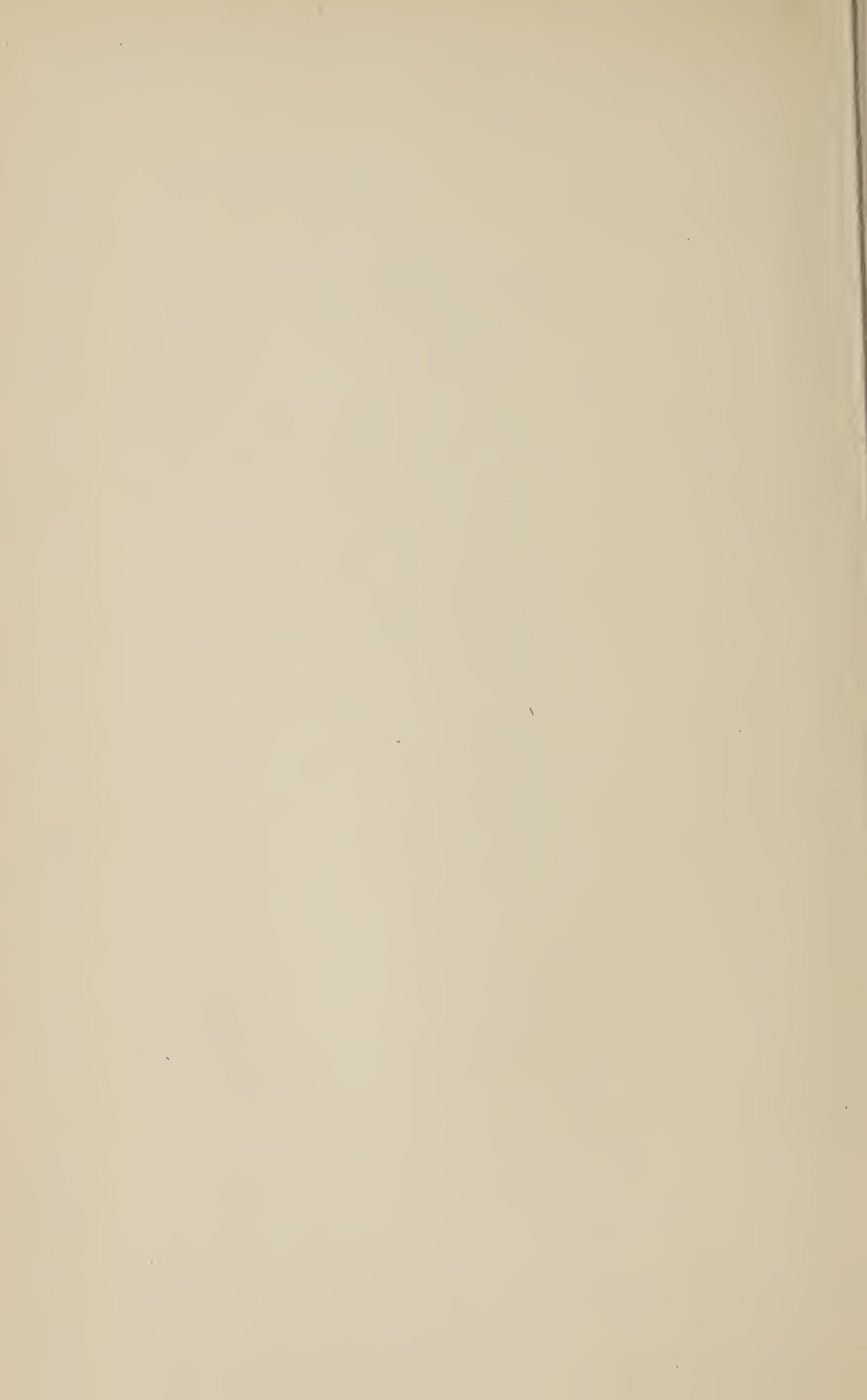
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Presidents and Pies



PRESIDENTS AND PIES

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CHAPTER I

Looking Back

IN Washington there is always something new under the sun. No other place is just like it in this respect — perhaps our republican form of government with its constant changes is responsible. Prominent men arrive, take up their duties for a time and depart again; only the Justices of the Supreme Court remain for life. Watching the administrations come and go, we have seen no two alike, what with the shifting group of foreign envoys and the men whom our own States send here to represent them. Influenced by climate and the various racial strains that people their part of the country, the Senators and Congressmen are strongly differentiated — descendants of Kentucky mountaineers, New England seafaring men, Nebraska pioneers, Florida Crackers — men of the North and the South and the East and the West, met together here to frame laws, and inci-

dentally to make the Capital the most interesting city in America.

There are many points of view from which to write about Washington — indeed, no two people would be likely to describe it in the same way. I am no historian to dive into Congressional archives, no politician to record the disputes of House and Senate, no diplomat, no sociologist, humorist, nor reformer. Mine is the point of view of one who has lived here for twenty years and who has met and listened to the “Senators, honorables, judges, generals, commodores, governors, and the ex’s of all these, as thick as pick-pockets at a horse-race or women at a wedding in church . . . ambassadors, plenipotentiaries, lords, counts, barons, chevaliers, and the great and small fry of legations” who make the life here so varied and fascinating. Some politics, a touch of history, a dash of description, with a flavor of social affairs — such are the ingredients of my “pie,” which, whatever its faults, I hope may not sit heavily on the reader’s digestion.

Of all the cities in the country, Washington is the one where the social life is most important. This is true, obviously, of any capital, for

such a régime is absolutely necessary for carrying on much of the diplomatic and political business of the nation. But it is especially true of Washington, where there are only a few first-class restaurants or theaters, and little good art or music. To be sure, an artist may appear for a few weeks to paint some political celebrity, and we do have a week of opera in the spring, the Philadelphia orchestra and the Boston Symphony occasionally come, and singers give concerts now and then in halls or private houses; but that is about all.

As a consequence, one dines out continually. This gives people a chance to see each other under the pleasantest circumstances, and affairs of state and of international importance may be talked over informally and in that best of humors which comes after a good dinner. The diplomat secures most of his information or quietly spreads his propaganda either at table or afterwards in the smoking-room. When official conferences are held, a certain procedure and precedence have to be maintained, and the appointment is sure to be published or made subject to surmise. A certain group of prominent Senators who used

to meet for a game of cards regularly were able to accomplish more, perhaps, in one session than they could during days of parliamentary procedure in the upper chamber of Congress. So it is that the social life of a capital is not merely a matter of pleasure, as in other cities, but of business as well.

In the olden days it was so much of a village that in La Fayette Park and Dupont Circle people met and gathered in groups — Senators, Representatives, Cabinet Ministers, and Diplomats, with a mixture of old residents — and talked over the news of the day. These were called “curbstone receptions” and were very delightful affairs.

There is a continual coming and going. Acquaintances are quickly made, and quite as quickly forgotten. You meet a friend who, you think, may have left town for over Sunday, and say, “Hello, where have you been?” And he answers, perhaps, “Oh, I’ve been five years in Rio!” But for all this it is a friendly city — or was, in the days before the Great War — “a city of conversation,” Henry James called it — a place of handshakes and welcomes and cheer-

ful greetings, unhurried and unworried. There was always time to smile, and one always felt like smiling.

The city is unique among capitals for its lack of pomp and parade — I can't say that foreigners have ever been very enthusiastic about it as a post on that account. The Roosevelt and Taft administrations were, perhaps, on the whole, the gayest, for the White House entertained generously and handsomely — dinners, receptions, and garden parties. The Cabinet members sought to play their parts well, and received with distinction. Many fine private houses had already been established where, during those brilliant days, entertaining was done with discrimination and taste. But nevertheless, the elegance and formality of foreign capitals, as well as the gayety of restaurant life, have always been lacking.

Washington is, of course, the most beautiful of American cities. Our first President himself chose the site here on the Potomac. He was one of the few who realized the possibilities of the location, which most people derisively termed a mud-hole. It was only when L'Enfant, the young French officer, had laid out its great avenues, and the

town began to take form and substance, that its beauty became apparent.

One day as we were entering the Senate we saw so many policemen that I inquired what the trouble was. "Oh, they've just dug up a man who has been dead eighty years," some one said. It proved to be the body of L'Enfant. The Government wished to erect a monument over his grave, but the people on whose land he had been buried would not consent for fear they would be annoyed by sight-seers. So after a fitting ceremony and speeches at the Capitol by the Vice-President and the French Ambassador, his body was removed, first to Annapolis and later to Arlington.

It has taken a century for L'Enfant's vision to become a reality, and now, with its many splendid colonnades, with the beauty of the long sweep from the Capitol to the White House, with the parks, the shining river, and the misty hills beyond, it is a reality that becomes a vision. When I close my eyes I see it as a white city which the setting sun leaves in a mysterious veil of pink mist. Above it all the wonderful shaft of the Washington Monument "seems to link heaven and earth in the darkness, to pierce the sky in the light."

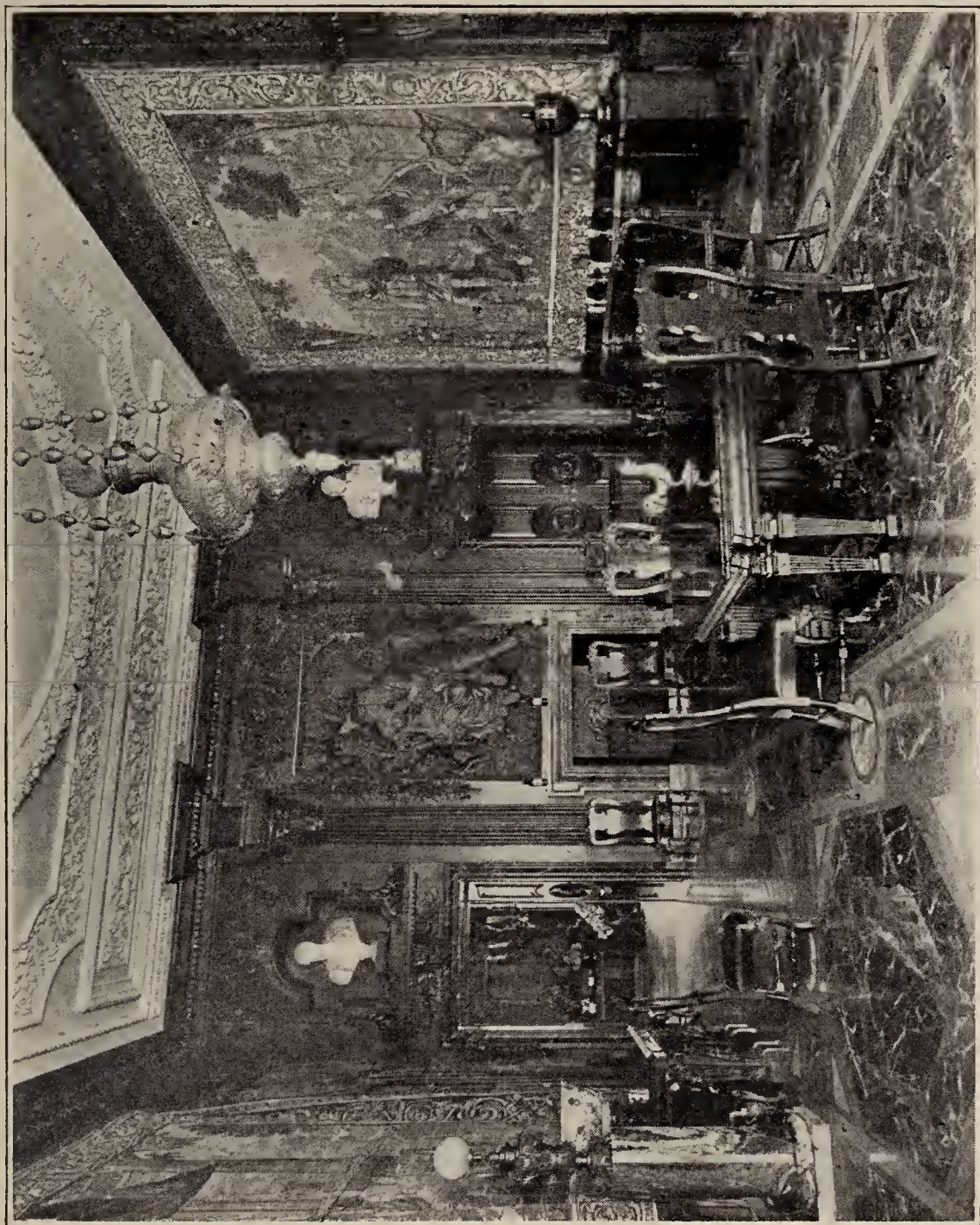
Like green spokes to a wheel, the streets during the spring stretch out from the bright flowering Circles making cool and shaded aisles with their fine old trees whose boughs meet overhead. To the north one may continue on into wild Rock Creek Park, riding or motoring for miles on the hilly slopes by the winding brook, beneath the pink bud and the starry dogwood. Japanese cherry trees bloom along the speedway by the broad Potomac and the Basin, and here one can walk or drive between flower-bordered paths in the perfumed air and listen to the music of the Marine Band. Watching a game of polo or gazing up at the airplanes skimming about overhead, one thinks of the changes since the early days when Indians fought on the surrounding hills, and frigates bearing colonists sailed up the river, and log huts nestled in the Virginia woods.

Driving along the bank, by the old canal toward Great Falls, passing darky cabins with piccaninnies playing outside, one comes to where Defoe's hero, Colonel Jacque, is supposed to have lived. He was an English boy, kidnaped, "as was the fashion in the time of Queen Anne," and sold into slavery in Virginia. His story is typical of

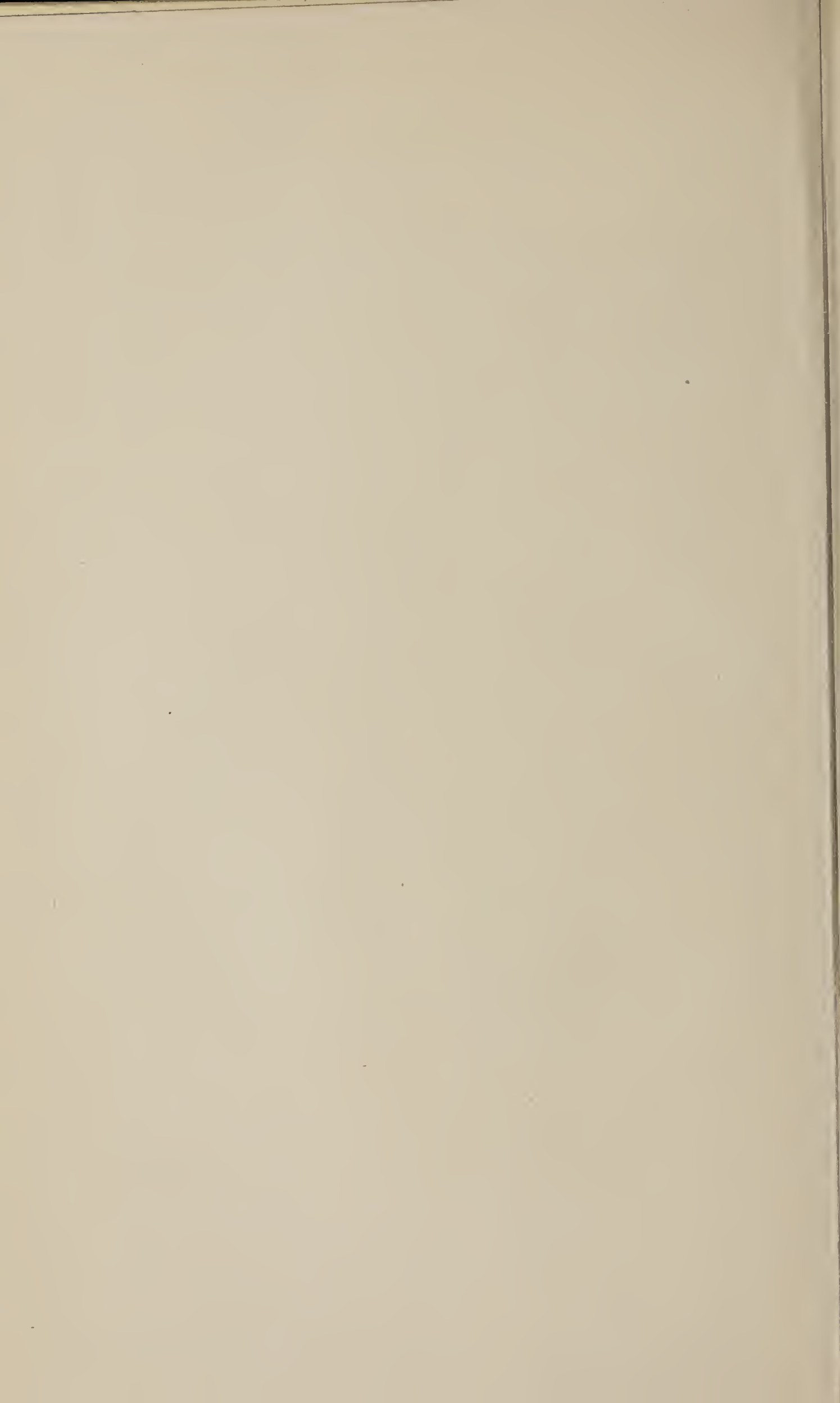
that class of men, the white slaves of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. Driving back again through the twilight, and into the town once more, one sees great houses loom up, with negro cabins huddling close by. These cabins, once so characteristic of Washington, are fast disappearing.

It was in 1897, during the administration of President McKinley, that we settled in Washington. My husband had formerly lived here for many years, however, and his mother could remember when there was "an earth road, or village street, with wheel-tracks meandering from the colonnade of the Treasury hard by, to the white marble columns and front of the Post-Office and Patent-Office which faced each other in the distance, like white Greek temples in the abandoned gravel-pits of a deserted Syrian city."

In looking through L.'s journal I came upon this bit, written at the time of McKinley's election, and recalling so vividly the uproar that Bryan's cry for the free coinage of silver aroused: "Thank God, our country is saved! Here in Washington, though there was less excitement,



DINING-ROOM, ANDERSON HOUSE, WASHINGTON



perhaps, than elsewhere, yet there was more real appreciation of the terrible importance of the day's election, for the national honor was felt to be at stake. The first excitement occurred when Mrs. Blaine sent over a telegram telling of New York's big vote. I hurried round to the club, where a special wire told the latest news, and came back to tell the Blaines what was then known; afterwards I went back to the club and stayed till midnight. When everything was settled I came home to bed. So it is all over, and well over." As time goes on, it seems as if every election was vital and all-absorbing — and, indeed, they are.

The White House did little entertaining during the administration which followed, partly because the McKinleys were simple people and partly because of Mrs. McKinley's ill-health. The President made a very distinguished appearance, however, with his fine head and aquiline nose, and his dignified yet kindly manner. Although sometimes called "the pacifier," he had a splendid record in the Civil War, having been brevetted major for gallant services. (I think nearly all the Presidents up to Taft's time had had some military training.) After the war he became a lawyer, and in 1876

was elected to the House of Representatives. His "McKinley Bill" of 1890 for reduced revenues and very high customs duties, which put sugar on the free list and protected many young industries, brought him at once into prominence. Later he became Governor of Ohio, and in 1896, after a campaign conducted by the great Mark Hanna, he was nominated for President.

Once in office, he gathered clean, efficient men about him, and then — a proceeding quite refreshing to remember in these days — gave them the credit for everything! Various questions came up that seemed momentous at the time — the annexation of Hawaii and the Samoan group; the Boxer outbreak and our participation in the march of the allies on Peking; Aguinaldo's revolt, and the bitter protest against imperialism led by men like Hoar and Reed and Carl Schurz. As each situation arose, people felt that the country was going to the dogs then and there, but we managed to survive somehow and go ahead, and I suppose we shall still.

An Anglo-American alliance was put through which divided the press of the country into a party that praised and one that derided. "Life"

came out with a skit which, in its second stanza, proved somewhat prophetic:

“ The Eagle and the Lion
Went walking hand in hand.
They laughed like anything to see
Such quantities of land;
‘ If it could all belong to us
I think it would be grand.’

“ ‘ If seven kings with seven hosts
Should want the reason why,
Do you suppose,’ the Eagle said,
‘ We ’d funk it, you and I?’
‘ I doubt it,’ said the Lion,
And winked a humble eye.”

An ominous situation had developed in Cuba, where, after ten years of insurgent warfare against Spain, the natives were being rapidly exterminated. So many barbarities were inflicted on them, in fact, that at last our Government warned Spain that her war must be conducted in a more humane manner. On the 9th of February intervention in Cuba was discussed, and six days later the battleship Maine was blown up. Spain instantly disavowed the affair and regretted the “incident” as she called it, but the United States was hot for a fight.

Washington was in a hubbub. The White House buzzed with excitement, and messages kept pouring in from all over the country, both private and official. Newspapers from Seattle to New Orleans sent their representatives on post-haste until reporters and correspondents blocked the corridors. In spite of the fact that neither President McKinley nor Speaker Reed wanted hostilities, and that diplomacy made strenuous efforts for more than two months to avert them, on the 25th of April war with Spain was formally declared.

But even then I did not feel that it was really upon us until one morning I was awakened by a band playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever," and looking out of the window saw our old friend, Colonel Sumner, marching by at the head of his troops. Later we went down to Chickamauga where the big national park with its many monuments commemorates the battle of the Civil War. A large military camp was already there — and another has been stationed in the same place during the World War.

My husband had offered his services and one day in May received his commission. Soon after our return to Washington I saw him ride off on

Soldier Boy, a horse that he had bought from Buffalo Bill (thinking the animal would be used to gun-fire, but he proved to be afraid of a baby carriage), bound for Camp Alger, twelve miles out of the city, to report for assignment. He had been made a captain on the staff of General Davis, who afterwards became military governor of Porto Rico, and who was already widely known as the man who finished the Washington Monument.

While my husband was in service I naturally wanted to do my part in whatever way seemed best. There were few things to be done by women at that time. There had been still less for them to do in the Civil War, and there has been so much more in the Great War. But we could make sponges and slings, of course, and roll bandages. Abdominal bands were especial favorites, for the doctors had a notion then that they were necessary in the tropics.

The Colonial Dames and the Daughters of the Revolution formed committees to look after the families of the soldiers. I was a member of both, and during the summer which I spent in Washington had several families to visit and see that

they did not starve, because some of the soldiers were very remiss about sending money home. It was almost identical with the work that the Home Service Branch of the Red Cross has been doing lately on a broader scale.

Occasionally I visited Camp Alger and took out good things to eat for my husband and his friends, such as huckleberry puddings, and capons — articles of diet not included in the army rations. Several times the general in command invited me to mess with the officers, perhaps in return for my services in thus helping out the commissary. I also used to visit the hospitals to find out what was especially needed, and one day a doctor asked me for ten gallons of paregoric. Fancy the surprise of the druggist when I ordered it!

My husband's letters give some vivid glimpses of the military life of that day. "I feel as if I had been here always," he wrote; "this morning I had a great deal to do, for everything went wrong all over the camp. It was one of those awful days! And everybody who knew how to do anything had gone away, and the few who did things, did them wrong, and so I was in a great state of excitement, and worried about papers, and matters generally.

Late in the afternoon I took to the woods for a few quiet moments. It's an ideal night, fresh and cool, while a lovely crescent moon is floating in the sky, making weird shadows in the grove where our tents are pitched. There is a group of officers now outside my tent talking. At last volunteers have come who don't know as much as I do! And the colored cook and 'striker' are making more noise than any of the rest. The sentries have been posted and guards on duty, and after taps the camp will be quiet. . . . Tattoo is just sounding (and the mules are, too) and in a little while all good soldiers should put out their lights and go to sleep to dream of home."

A little later he wrote: "I am feeling finely, though my vaccination seems to be taking. The General goes into town to-night on business, so I may not leave camp. I feel very important, and then to be addressed as 'General' is very fine. To-day I overheard two of the orderlies talking, and one said, in a fearful whisper, 'All these fellows here are kernals, no matter what uniform they wear, and they have them court-martials here, too!'

"I went this morning with General Davis on a

ride through the camp, and to-morrow I am to go with him on an all-day reconnaissance back into Virginia. The General has to visit the site of a camp."

Later: "We had a day of it! At Manassas we were a source of joy to the Sunday loafing element. They tried to sell us poor decrepit nags, and the old duffers talked of the last war, of Bull Run, and the battles round Manassas. Then we started off in an ancient chaise with a darky and drove about the lovely country, and ate our sandwich luncheon under the trees by a little creek.

"Well, we rode on through wheat-fields, the Bull Run mountains in the distance, and the Blue Ridge beyond. We passed a settlement of Dunkards; the women of that sect so clean in their poke bonnets with their pretty, prim faces and the men in their Sunday-go-to-meeting best were all returning from church in gigs and buggies. The General and I got as far as Catlett, and then took a train back, with six miles still to drive through the blackness to camp, passing the pickets by their blazing fires, and sentinels crying 'Halt!' — on to our quarters."

An outbreak of typhoid occurred, and soon it

was raging at Camp Alger. In order to prevent a further spread of the epidemic, L.'s division of ten thousand men was ordered to start at a few hours' notice on an extended march through Virginia. Little notes by the way ran as follows:

“*August 4, Barker Station, Va.* Oh, we have had a time of it, — sent off by orders at a too short notice, without enough wagons, though they were promised us, and forced to march on a hot day with no military incentive. The men have been undisciplined and difficult to manage. As this is the largest body of marching men to shift camp since the war began, it has been a job. I was up till two and awoke again at five yesterday, and to-day is little better. If it were war, it would be all right, but this is on the eve of peace — at least, so far as I know, for we have n't seen a paper for two days.”

Peace was near, for on July 30 the French Ambassador had asked in behalf of the Spanish Government if the United States was willing to consider proposals for ending the war, and President McKinley had answered that peace would be considered after Spain had withdrawn all her troops and her sovereignty from the western

hemisphere, and had evacuated Manila. But apparently Spain was not quite ready yet, and my husband's camp chronicle had still some time to run.

“*Near Bristow Station, August 8.* This is another pretty place, and the thousands of tents streaking away across the rolling country below the hill on which we are camped, with myriads of little blue dots of soldiers working about like ants, made it look quite military. . . . The bridge we built across the Bull Run was a great success and the view of the troops crossing, the mounted officers all fording the rapid river down in its deep gorge in the early morning, was one of those picturesque sights that make a march have its delights. To-morrow the division moves on to the foot of the Bull Run mountains to Thorofare, near the Gap.

“*Thorofare, Va., August 10.* Oh, we made a famous march yesterday, I can tell you, although it may not go down in history. Under the adverse circumstances the command made an excellent showing. Oh, what wind and rain! It had poured the night before last like a torrent, and another of our bridges was swept away, and all things

were against going on. But we went ahead and the ten thousand men waded the swift Broad Run in water waist-deep, and the hundred and fifty wagons forded it without an accident. We passed twelve miles of 'black Jack' mud and on through Gainsboro and through Haymarket to Thorofare, while the rain pelted down in sheets, and into camp the soldiers marched, everybody cheering and the bands playing. The men pitched their little dog-tents on the ground and were sopping wet all night. The sun has n't come out yet to dry anything, but I am happy to say that the military part of the service brought in the troops in better condition than when they started.

“ *August 11.* This may be magnificent, '*mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*' Late last night, we received orders to march, mind you, to Camp Meade near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, one hundred and twenty or more miles away, and this while trying to keep out of the rain at what we had been told would be our permanent camp. We can't possibly move off again for a day or two. The men have n't shoes, many of them, for their footgear went to pieces in the mud, and their clothes are n't dry yet. What we are going to have done to us,

I can't for the life of me make out. This march up into the Pennsylvania mountains has little to recommend it. It will be through a pretty country, so let us hope it will be enjoyable after all, but there is much responsibility and anxiety with such a multitude of men. However, we are making arrangements and will be better prepared than when the division pulled out of Camp Alger."

On the 12th of August the peace protocol was signed, but there was still much to be done before the troops were mustered out. August 13 came the following:

"The announcement of peace has made me want to leave it all, yet it may be weeks or months before I can do so dutifully. When I went to Washington I had a talk with the Secretary of War and General Corbin. They were very nice and the Secretary said pleasant things. Now we begin to see light, and hope to get off one regiment to-morrow. But I must remain for a time with General Davis, a splendid man, to whom I have become greatly attached, and whom I wish to do all I can for in my small way."

Demobilizing was soon well started. Before long my husband wrote again:

“The trains are puffing and switching up and down and the sections will be running past in a few minutes, flatcars with ambulances and wagons, stock cars with mules and horses, day coaches with men hanging out of the windows waving handkerchiefs and hats, and at the end the Pullman for the officers. It takes three long trains to carry a regiment. I am sending Soldier Boy home to Washington, as it is the beginning of the end.

“What an odd, broken summer! It is over now, and for the best, no doubt. I have been in pleasant places, and certainly of all the troops that remained in this country, this division, with its plucky march through Virginia, has certainly been fine. If I had gotten to ‘Cuby’ or Porto Rico, I might have been dead. I am looking on the bright side of things to-day, and glad to be alive. Soon I will put my sword over the mantelpiece in the little library and start the fire, sitting next to you, and be at peace.”

The aftermath of the war brought the homecoming of the heroes. Roosevelt, with his Rough Riders, was perhaps the most advertised, and Hobson a close second. He dined with us the night of his arrival in Washington, even before

reporting at the Department, and before beginning his kissing career. He reached town on Sunday, and I only learned that same morning that he would be our guest at dinner. Wishing to make the party as much of a success as possible, I sent word to my husband at camp to bring in several officers. The shops were closed, of course, but with some difficulty I was able to get hold of a caterer who made us some wonderful battle-ships of ice cream. After ringing violently at the door of a flower shop, I saw a head pop out of an upper window, and explained my errand. The man promised to send us some flowers, but added that he could not come down to show them to me, as he was taking a bath!

Hobson was very handsome in those days, and had a marvelous deep voice, so though he told us of his tremendously brave exploit in a very modest manner, we were all quite thrilled. It will be remembered that he volunteered, with four others, to take the Merrimac under fire of the forts, into the harbor of Santiago, and sink her in the channel to block the passage so that Cervera's fleet could not come out. His project was very similar to the sinking of the Vindictive at Zeebrugge by

the gallant Carpenter, whose brave deed stirred London to wild enthusiasm.

But war left problems behind it, not the least of which was the holding of the Philippines, and much of the successful handling of them has been due to Taft, first as Civil Commissioner and later as Governor of the Islands. The remainder of the administration seemed peaceful and uneventful by comparison with the earlier part, and nearly every one was glad when McKinley was elected to his second term.

We were off on our houseboat fishing, not long after this, when suddenly we noticed that the other boats were flying their flags at half-mast. In answer to our hail of inquiry they called to us across the still water, "The President has been assassinated!"

Every one knows the story of the fatal shot and of McKinley's calm and gentleness and courage at that moment; how he made no outcry but turned very white and sank back, fumbling at his breast in great agony. And no one will ever forget his words, his one thought at that moment — "Cortelyou — Cortelyou. My wife — be careful about her. She's sleeping — break the news gently to her. . . ."

CHAPTER II

“A Red Torch flared above His Head”

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT had been Assistant Secretary of the Navy for McKinley, but he had resigned when the war broke out and organized a volunteer regiment of cavalry known as the Rough Riders. After the war he was made Governor of New York, and then became Vice-President — an office that he took most unwillingly and that many people thought would end his political career by switching him out of the beaten track of politics. It was an open secret at the time that he had not been tractable as Governor. A powerful political chieftain of New York, commenting upon Roosevelt's disinclination to surrender the governorship for the politically innocuous post of Vice-President, remarked that Teddy had been kicked upstairs. But an unforeseen fate, in September of 1901, put him at the head of the Nation. His administrations were marked by a diversity of events, observances, and innovations, each and all character-

istic of the man himself. They were for him seven years of incessant, almost demoniac activity — seven years without a day of illness or an engagement postponed. It was said that he acted the way Napoleon's soldiers fought — “as if tomorrow were the resurrection.”

Unresting energy marked the order of every day, both in work and recreation. Wrestling bouts and boxing contests took place two or three times a week. Expert Japanese instructors taught the President jiu-jitsu, and there were frequent broadsword encounters with his intimate friends and with sons of the house. In one day he rode a hundred and six miles in order to give the army men an example, after making a rule requiring them to ride thirty miles a day for three days, to show they were in proper condition. Wallace Irwin wrote of him in a contemporary weekly:

“You were often hard to follow in your chase for Bull and
Bear;
And your walks with Army Captains — my, you hiked
it so!
Say, we almost choked to see you beard the Congress in
its lair
And emerge without a bump, and oh, you liked it so!

You were never dull and clammy — you were either pleased
or vexed,

And we woke up mornings asking, 'What will he be doing
next?

Will he give the railroads Hades?

Or express his views on Ladies,

Or impale some Rabbit Faker on a pointed Moral Text?'"

He believed in teamwork and gave generous praise to those who worked under him. His successor said he had never served any chief so willing to accord more than their deserts to the men who stood shoulder to shoulder with him.

Prominent in his administration were Root, Knox, Taft, and Cortelyou. Perhaps the most distinguished member of the Cabinet was John Hay, Secretary of State. My husband writes of him: "John Hay belonged to the group of cultivated men of the world who at one period made Washington a most delightful capital. An incomparable diner-out and table companion, his give-and-take of talk was brilliant and profound. Soldier, author, statesman — he was the most charming American type, deeply cultured, widely traveled, with that great gift of humor characteristic of our race, and yet with a wise and wide and deep appreciation that made him an ideal diplomat and great

statesman; he was a philosopher whether he spoke in light vein or seriously. Fond of having young men about him, he would talk to them and unfold his views with as much care and interest as if he were in most important company. They responded by a devotion to him, and many of them have owed much to his helping hand. While he was Ambassador to England the English liked to think him one of themselves, for he fitted in so perfectly with their cultivated groups of intellectual life. Indeed, although American to the core, perhaps his personality, as well as his literary work, was appreciated more abroad than at home. I remember that on one occasion I accompanied him to a Sunday service at Westminster Abbey when Canon Farrar in his sermon quoted from 'Little Breeches,' not even knowing that the author was in town and much less that he was sitting at that moment in the stalls."

One coterie of Roosevelt's best friends and political followers was called the "Tennis Cabinet," a member of which I knew well, Mr. Alford Cooley whose career was unhappily cut short by illness. An extract from Roosevelt's letter, written on hearing of his ill-health, shows both the

chief magistrate's own personality and his fine recognition of the official who served under him:

"You know the Russian proverb, 'Once in ten years you can help a man.' Now, my dear Mrs. Cooley, it may still be that the power for me to be of any assistance to Alford will never come, but I shall esteem it a real favor if you will let me know at any time when you think I can do anything whatever for you or Alford, or for your small son when he grows up."

Sometimes I met the President at Mrs. Cooley's house for afternoon tea at the end of a game of tennis, and he would talk in the most diverting and unrestrained manner. His choice of words and flow of language were unparalleled. Once he told us about an encounter with two newspaper reporters whom he disliked.

"I caught the skunks," he said, "and skinned them."

I had a good chance that winter to see some of the inside workings of politics and the wire-pulling. In spite of Roosevelt's popularity, there were innumerable scimmages and verbal encounters—strife seemed to be in the very air. His name was on every tongue. "He's got the foot and mouth

Theodore Roosevelt

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME, GREETING:

Know ye, That reposing special trust and confidence in the loyalty, agility, courtliness, tenacity, Service both Civil and Uncivil of

Alford W. Cooley

do hereby appoint and confirm him, without the advice and consent of the Senate, a member of the Tennis Cabinet, and admit him to all the rights, indignities, emoluments, detractions and delights thereunto appertaining.



In Testimony whereof, I have herewith set my hand and caused the great seal of the Tennis Cabinet to be affixed this eighteenth day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nine and of the Independence of the United States one hundred and thirty-three

Theodore Roosevelt
President

TENNIS CABINET DIPLOMA

disease!" "He's crazy!" Or, as the Yale policeman put it, "He's a lovely man, but he's distressing." Some one was always slinging something at him, and he generally returned as good as he received.

An army officer hit him off in a couple of stanzas which were much quoted at the time he made his famous trip to Europe:

“ Before him blared a big brass band,
He shot off guns with either hand;
A red torch flared above his head,
And as he cheered, again he said,
Incognito!

“ He wore a sash, red, white, and blue,
At times he beat a bass drum too;
And then he stood upon his head,
And with a grin again he said,
Incognito!”

He had a gift for the unforeseen, and set politicians by the ears. A conundrum was current — “Why is Roosevelt like a grasshopper?” — to which one answered, “Because you never know which way he'll hop, but when he does, he'll hop like hell!” Sobriquets, phrases, and yarns were continually applied to him — and by him. The

Strenuous Life, the Big Stick, the Ananias Club, the fable of San Juan Hill, the Round Robin, the Great American Trust Buster, Teddy and the Lions, Roosevelt and the Mother, Roosevelt and the Pope, and last but not least, Roosevelt and Dear Maria! He was alive, amusing, fearless, and outspoken. Whenever he appeared, it was Hurrah, boys! and something doing. But although he was a politician and had his enemies, the people as a whole trusted and admired him.

The children at the White House were delightfully in evidence. To the older Washingtonians it recalled the days of Garfield, when Earl Garfield rode down the stairs of the White House on his high-wheeled mount, or had bicycle races round the East Room. I remember once at an Army and Navy reception noticing that Mr. Roosevelt, who was receiving, kept his foot moving restlessly and continually. Later I discovered the reason — two small boys, hidden under a sofa behind him, were mischievously pulling at their father's trouser leg!

The Roosevelt pets were legion and not infrequently escaped the confines of the juvenile menagerie — guinea pigs, kittens, horned frogs, badg-

ers, rabbits, and macaws, to say nothing of the eagles, owls, and alligators sent by admirers from all over the country that had to be transferred to the Washington Zoo. Senators were assailed on staircases by sportive dogs. Congressmen waiting in an anteroom would be gleefully hailed by a small boy, his pockets filled with tame snakes. Reporters hanging about the grounds gained more picturesque "copy" than a dozen other administrations had afforded.

Another time, Archie, who was ill in bed at the White House, talked so much about his pony that Quentin decided the animal ought to make his brother a visit. So, with the aid of a little colored boy, he put the pony in the elevator and led him into Archie's room, to not only the children's delight, but to the President's as well.

When Eli Smith arrived in an Arctic sledge, drawn by six dogs all the way from Alaska to win a wager of ten thousand dollars, he drove round to the south side of the White House, and out came the children to see the driver put his team through their paces and listen to the story of his year's journey. One never knew in those days what one might encounter in the way of quaint occurrence.

Freaks and adventurers knew that the children, at any rate, could be trusted to give them a welcome, and the chances were that their elders, too, would bend a kindly eye upon the new-comers. Down Pennsylvania Avenue one morning came an old-time prairie schooner of the type of 1849; in it were a spry, weather-beaten old man with snowy hair and beard, his wife, and a collie dog of high spirits and engaging manners. The three of them had been two years journeying from Tacoma to pay their respects to the President. It was a cold November day when they arrived, but out came Roosevelt bareheaded to greet them, and out came the youngsters, eager to see the collie perform his tricks.

Mrs. Cooley wrote, when visiting at the Executive Mansion: "Charles the Magnificent met us at the station, and we drove up with the presidential plumes flying. Mrs. Roosevelt greeted us most cordially. Here we are in a beautiful room about the size of our house all put together, done in blue brocade with a velvet rug of blue, a huge four-poster bed and a nice little cot beside it in which at this moment my boy is sleeping sweetly. There is a dear little room adjoining which faces



THE PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY PARTY: A FANTASY
 Drawn by John T. McCutcheon and presented to Mrs. Alford W. Cooley

the monument and all the green of the White Lot with the fountains playing on the lawn. I have just seen over the mantelpiece this bronze which reads, 'In this room Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863, whereby five million were given their freedom, and slavery forever prohibited in these United States.' And now my maid Carrie, a colored lady, walks about here."

Mrs. Roosevelt kept open house in a simple, informal manner. As the children grew up, there were "young" parties for them, and a dance every Friday night for Ethel. Alice, who married my husband's cousin, Nicholas Longworth, was a chip of the old block. Her wedding took place in the big North Room. On either side of the altar the members of the immediate family were grouped — two of Alice's aunts, her stepmother and the children, while the groom's family was represented by his mother, his sister, the Countess de Chambrun, and L.'s mother. L. himself was an usher. A prominent society leader, with a *penchant* for associating herself with the family at every wedding which she attended, tried to add herself to this little group, but for once she found it im-

possible. The aide firmly refused to let her in without a card, much to the amusement of every one, and the lady retired, baffled, just as the bride, unattended, came up the aisle on her father's arm.

Years ago the Presidents had only two aides, but in Roosevelt's time there were a dozen, both Army and Navy. At a reception one of them would ask the name of a guest in line and pass it on to another, who in turn repeated it to the President. Often the names became changed quite a bit before they were announced — I remember that on one occasion, Mr. Spreckles, the Hawaiian sugar man, was introduced as "Mr. Freckles."

The ladies of the Cabinet received with the President and his wife, and the line, with the fat and the thin, the short and the tall, was often more amusing than decorative. During some of these very crowded entertainments people had their clothes almost torn off their backs in the terrible crushes. One woman had the shoulder straps of her evening gown broken, but kept her place in the procession, remarking when she was introduced, "Mr. President, I cannot shake hands — I have to hold on my dress!"

When the crush was at its worst — at the be-

ginning of Roosevelt's administration — the turning of the White House over entirely to offices and the building of a new presidential residence at the beautiful old Dent place, was considered. But the plan was dropped, and wings to house the offices were added on either side of the Executive Mansion.

At a typical dinner of the period, the room would be filled with diplomats, Army and Navy officers, and politicians — men of the great world mixed with those who had more brains than social experience. There would be much bowing and clicking of heels and introducing, and then perhaps a general would lead the way with an ambassadress to the dining-room.

There was a Mrs. Malaprop of the administration who, on such an occasion, observing Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Lady Cockburn and her Children," remarked; "I suppose that is the Madonna" — blandly ignoring the three infants and the Georgian costume; and then, amid a series of suppressed chuckles, inquired if the portrait of the Duke of Wellington was not her host's father? Her lapses of language were famous. People never tired of telling how she went around getting sig-

natures for a "red robin" when she meant a round one; and how after her return from California, she described a wonderful trip through the "valley of Gethsemane" when she meant Yosemite. Once she burst in upon an afternoon tea, announcing with loud and cheerful vigor: "I've been out in the country for a walk, and do you know, I jumped from rock to rock just like a shamrock!"

Some of the men were amusing in their way, too. There was one I remember in particular, a rural Congressman who rebelled at taking a designated lady out to dinner, saying stoutly: "I've never taken in anybody but my wife yet, and I guess I won't change now!"

Very different from all this was the Washington of the fifties, described by Henry Adams: "Society went on excellently well without horses, or carriages, or jewels, or toilettes, or pavements, or shops, or *grandezza* of any sort; and the market was excellent as well as cheap. One could not stay there a month without loving the shabby town. Even the Washington girl, who was neither rich, nor well-dressed, nor well-educated, nor clever, had a singular charm, and used it. . . . The happy

village was innocent of a club. The one-horse tram on F Street to the Capitol was ample for traffic. Every pleasant morning at the Pennsylvania Station, society met to bid good-bye to its friends going off on a single express. . . . In four and twenty hours he could know everybody; in two days everybody knew him."

But what a change since then — racial, social, convivial — crowded streets, clubs, hotels — and constant extravagant entertaining at the houses of millionaires and at the different embassies!

Although the British have been represented by several ambassadors during the past twenty years, I doubt if any has been more popular than Lord Pauncefote, who was in Washington when I first came. Ambassador Bryce, of course, stands out prominently, and so does Lord Reading. Among other diplomats who have remained for a number of years and are much liked are the French, H. E. Monsieur Jusserand; the Spanish, H. E. Monsieur Riano; the Danish, Monsieur Brun; and the Portuguese, Viscount d'Alte. The Austrian Ambassador, Baron von Hengelmüller, was also here a long time, and Count von Bernstorff, whom

people liked as cordially before the war as they despised him after it.

The embassy functions were always sure, of course, to be different from any others. There was, for instance, a stiff dinner at the British Embassy, where we entered the big drawing-room to find people standing about in a circle, all dead-silent, and not one familiar face. After shaking hands with the hostess we joined this impenetrable group and watched the next arrivals go through the ordeal which we had just survived. At last a friendly face appeared and the spell — for us, at least — was broken. I went in with the Minister of Justice from Canada, gray-haired, quite deaf, and with a legal mind if ever there was one. I met a South African millionaire and some Congressmen, but the guests were principally South Americans with their plump and pretty wives.

Beside me sat the Swedish Minister, who really was very interesting. Perhaps the wealthiest man of his day in Sweden — he owned factories over there which supplied America with elevator ropes and piano strings — he was an extraordinary character. At twenty-five he had been a gay lieu-

tenant in the army, but he and his wife became interested in General Booth, so they joined the Salvation Army and wore its uniform for eleven years, working among the poor and giving them the interest of their money. His Excellency almost converted me to the cause, for his enthusiasm still glowed. Apparently his interest in social and industrial problems had never flagged. He told me that when the people in his factories became old, they were transferred to lighter work. But even so there must have been difficulties, for he said that our labor troubles (or what we called labor troubles then) did not compare with those of Sweden, and that the discontent generally began in communities where there was no church, the people becoming irreligious and socialistic. We dined very pleasantly with him later at the Swedish Legation, where his maids, in their native costume of gay striped skirts and black bodices, were a picturesque feature.

Another fascinatingly foreign household helped to make Washington cosmopolitan — that of the de Buisserets, the Belgian Minister and his wife. He hopped about like a charming little bird, with his white spats and pipe. The German nurse

brought the new baby down for us to see — it was in swaddling clothes such as I had never seen before, all tied up with bows of pink ribbon. Hardly had she taken the tot away again when the French butler informed Madame — now at luncheon — that she was needed, as the infant was hungry. One of their servants was a superbly costumed Moor who waited on table; they had brought him from Tangiers, an earlier post, and both spoke to him in Arabic.

Dining at the Japanese Embassy was not so unusual an experience as might have been expected, for the establishment was quite Europeanized. The Ambassadors had been educated at Bryn Mawr and spoke excellent English; clad in a formal evening dress and wearing a diamond tiara in her hair, she received us most charmingly. The secretary's wife also spoke our language. Before that I had seen very few Japanese women who spoke any English at all. The Italian Ambassador was there, and the Dutch Minister, both magnificent in their uniforms, for they were dressed to go on to a reception at the White House.

One night we went to a dinner party to meet T. I. H. Prince and Princess Fushimi. I was

taken in by a most delightful Japanese gentleman who spoke nothing but Japanese and Chinese, but he had so laughing a face and looked so jolly that you could n't help liking him. His Imperial Highness made a very striking appearance — tall and with the high-caste features of his long descent. He had had an interesting life, traveled widely and seen much — in short, a kind of Japanese Abruzzi; he spoke French, so I was able to talk with him. The Princess was very sweet, with the same high-bred look of distinction. She was accompanied by her lady-in-waiting, rather plain but very nice, and a companion — a diminutive, serious-looking person with glasses and an American education behind them. The men of the suite consisted of an aide and two naval *attachés* who were quick and clever as they could be. L.'s attempt to talk Japanese made them laugh, which was what he wanted, knowing that the Japanese like to laugh and joke even more than most of us.

Very different was a reception given a Chinese Prince by the Chinese Ambassador. There were at least eight men in the line, all wearing their beautiful native costumes, and at first one could not decide which might be the Prince; but it turned

out that the first man was the interpreter, the next the Ambassador, and the third — taller than the others and stouter — His Royal Highness. Only one or two of the group spoke English, but they shook hands in American fashion, and if they could n't speak, they could at least bow and smile. But they were not so jolly as the Japanese.

A little to one side stood the ladies of the party — I had never seen so many Chinese women together at a foreign reception. They wore trousers and straight embroidered jackets in rich and brilliant colors, and the slippers on their tiny feet were of satin. The little ladies did not look frightened in the least, but behaved very much like bright-eyed, self-possessed dolls, in their paint and their many-colored garments. I thought them very alien and impenetrable then, but later, when, during my stay in the Far East, I had a chance to know the Orientals better, I came to the conclusion that they were not so different from the rest of us after all.

Of still quite another sort was an American Indian party, a most original and amusing affair, given one evening at a country place outside of Washington. Mrs. Stevenson, whom we had

known out in Zuñi land, had brought me a corn-maiden's dress of white with black and red, and I wore moccasins, beads and bracelets, and had my hair flying and decorated with feathers. Mrs. Clarence Edwards also had a correct costume which had been given her by Frank Millet, the artist. L., clad in a mask and a blanket, with a bottle of whiskey and a sign, "Lo, the poor Indian," was one of the best.

The band was playing plaintive Indian music when we reached the place. By the light of the setting sun it was great fun to watch the other guests arriving on horseback, — cow-boys and cow-girls and Indians giving war-whoops. To lend a touch of realism there were some "honest and true" Indians among them, too — I wondered what they thought of it all. As the afterglow faded, the trees became starry with colored lights and the tents were illuminated. Pistol shots rang out into the night, and we all danced madly about a great bonfire.

On another occasion some theatricals were given in an artist's house — a queer, low-ceilinged structure of a style called Spanish, with only a few dim lights hung here and there. Incense curled about

us and blurred the weird sketches of wild-eyed people who peered down from the walls as we groped our way about, running into mirrors and each other.

I am sure the house had never been dusted, and it smelled as if it had never been aired — even the tapestries on the walls were musty and the air reeked with perfume. In the center of a room in which we eventually found ourselves, several more or less undraped ladies with bare feet were posing and whirling rhythmically. It was all quite unusual, but highly diverting. At that time bare-foot dancing, now so common, was in its early stages, and this party caused considerable talk.

Calling occupied almost every afternoon. The Cabinet ladies received one day, and the Senators' wives another. Ambassadors still another. On New Year's Day I stayed at home in Southern fashion and served some delicious milk punch. Possibly the news of its virtues spread, for I think every man in Washington dropped in that afternoon.

When I had a quiet moment, which was not often, I loved sitting in our winter garden, surrounded by palms and red azaleas. A little bronze

faun peeped out from among the flowers while clear water trickled into a plate of yellow alabaster where lay violet orchids, and a pair of inquisitive parroquets fluttered about in the sunshine.

With spring the magnolias blossomed everywhere and the warm air was full of the scent of budding flowers. In our walled garden at the rear of the house the crocuses came and went, the violets and pansies, the pink, blue-centered tulips, and the delicate gray Spanish iris. The Japanese peach trees seemed to bloom in a night and fade in a day. Before we knew it, the green leaves of the pin oak were giving shade so that we could sit under it and enjoy the scented peonies and snowballs, and watch the progress of the budding roses. In springtime Washington is like fairyland.

CHAPTER III

Rough Rider and Buccaneer

IT was not easy to find time for the garden during the rush of social life, and the only means of getting any real rest was to run away from Washington and everything connected with it. Roxana — half houseboat, half steam yacht — usually aided and abetted our escape. She had taken us northward into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and southward through inland waterways to Florida and even round into the Gulf of Mexico. But her shallow draught made it necessary for us to hug the shore, and to pick our weather at that.

The spring after Roosevelt's accession, while memories of the Spanish War were still fresh, we decided to make a cruise with some friends through the West Indies, stopping to see America's new possessions, permanent and temporary. Since most of the trip would be made in the open ocean, Roxana was out of the question, so L. chartered instead a yacht named Virginia.

Cold and cloudy was the morning that we set

off down the muddy Potomac, to the friendly tootings of little tugboats that saluted our passing craft. Through Chesapeake Bay Virginia rolled and tossed, and out into the stormy Atlantic. That night, and the next, and the next, it was all we could do to stay in our bunks. After that, the Bermudas seemed like heaven, indeed. The sun came out, the clouds drifted away, and the yacht steamed smoothly along over a glorious, clear sea, for about us lay small islands covered to the water's edge with dark green cedars.

A message from a naval vessel stationed there said we might come in if we were n't "too fond of the Boers," so the Virginia proceeded into the harbor and dropped anchor. Presently the consul and a couple of officers from the British destroyer Quail came aboard and matters were arranged satisfactorily. After lunching at a bit of fairyland, supposed to be a French restaurant named Belterre, surrounded by giant ferns and hanging orchids and enlivened by monkeys and emerald and scarlet cockatoos, we drove over the pretty island. The scene at the barracks was very picturesque; a military band was playing,

and the inhabitants promenaded up and down beneath the tropic trees, while standing about were the big black men of the West Indian Regiment, most pompous in their brilliant red and gold zouave jackets and turbans. In the intervals of the music there came from across the straits the sound of Boer prisoners singing some old folk-song.

On the different islands there were said to be five thousand war captives, many small boys and old men among them. Some were n't even Boers at all — one was a man from East Boston. Heaven only knows how he happened to be taken in a South African war!

From all accounts they were treated well, and given just the same rations as the British soldiers. They lived in tents and did their own cooking and washing, and in that gentle climate could not suffer. Some did a little wood-carving, making canes and ornaments for sale, but the things they sold were hardly artistic.

The English were extremely strict about allowing outsiders to speak to or even see them, forbidding our guest, John Coolidge, to go anywhere near, although he had been in Pretoria and had

letters from Lord Milner thanking him for his services. One day, however, we did go over to an island to have tea with some officers, and got a glimpse, though at a distance, of the Boers. They looked rather shabby, and were anything but clean in their habits. The close supervision they were under had resulted in a minimum of escapes, only one man of the entire lot having managed to get away.

The remainder of our time in Bermuda was spent in drives and picnics, a luncheon at Admiralty House, a tea on board the Quail, and a wonderful day at St. George. In the Devil's Hole, an enchanting pool stocked with strange exotic creatures of the deep, magnificent electric-blue angel-fish were swimming about with fan-shaped or needle-nosed ones, some speckled, or striped like convicts of the under-sea, others silvery and opalescent. Clinging to the rocks were rainbow-colored sea anemones and great blue long-fingered starfish. The pool was as colorful with its crystal-clear water as a tropic garden. Our last night ashore was spent dining with friends at a hotel and dancing afterwards with dashing officers in gay red coats.

It was high time we left Bermuda, for our sailors got into a fight with some men from the Quail and licked them. One Britisher was so badly hurt that it was feared our crew might be taken into custody because of the trouble, but the captain of the Quail very kindly fixed matters up with the magistrate, and the night Virginia sailed the British sea dogs rowed over and sang sailor chant-eyes to us, just to show there was no ill-feeling. It was "jolly nice" of them, and we gave them some grog and cheered, and applauded their singing, while they rowed off, still caroling, the old sea song dying away across the water:

"So early in the morning, the sailor likes his bottle O —
A bottle of rum and a bottle of gin and a bottle of old
Jamaica, Ho!
So early in the morning."

Perhaps it would be best to say nothing about the next day or two. The yacht encountered such a stiff gale that even the captain was sick, not to mention ourselves, and the Virginia was obliged to slow down, so we were late in reaching our next destination — Porto Rico.

Picturesque San Juan Harbor was guarded by an old *morro* — the very one our men had bom-

barded not long before, and we covered the same course taken by our fleet when it ran in at day-break to silence the forts. There was little trace of fighting to be seen, though, in that tiny, compact city, with its scant half-mile of old gray forts, of ancient gates hidden beneath streamers of giant-leaved vines, of stucco houses, yellow, pink, or green — all lying there against their background of hills that merged into fainter, bluer mountains, and then into still farther and fainter heights beyond.

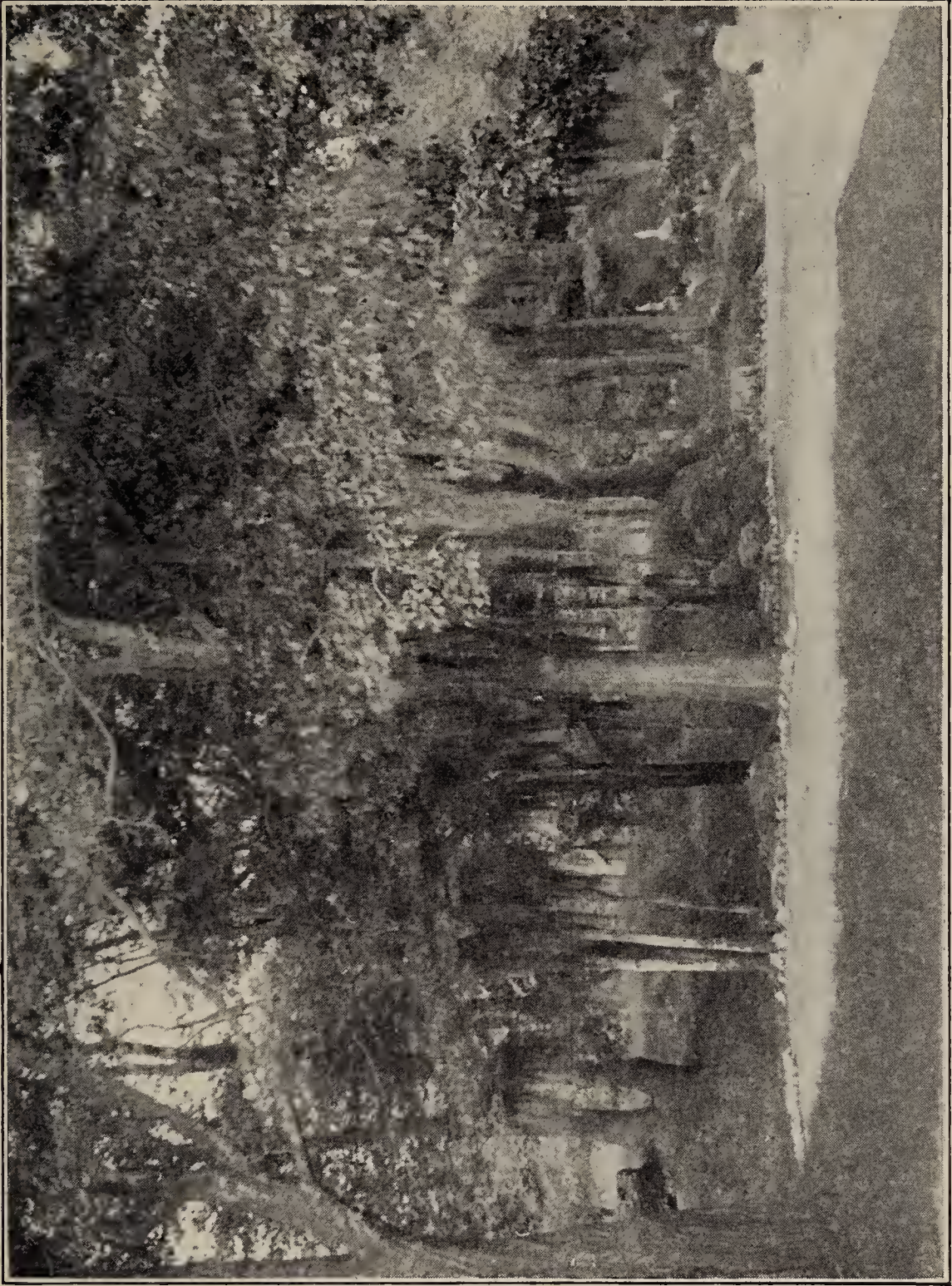
Here in this town, with its quaint shops and peaceful plaza, where dusky women lean over balconies, Ponce de Leon once sought his fabled fountain of youth. Sir Francis Drake fought the Spanish colonists, long years ago, and sacked the city so thoroughly that "Francisco el Dragon" is a tradition to this day.

Escorted by an army officer, L. and I drove in a dougherty drawn by four mules to see the barracks where our soldiers were stationed, and the *morro*. The latter was old and moss-grown, full of queer labyrinthine corridors and gloomy rooms, hewn from the living rock, with here and there a scar to show where our marines had landed a

shell. A century before it had been deemed impregnable, but Americans had silenced its batteries in a single forenoon. The Spanish cannon were still there, though, and looked threatening and modern enough to command respect. After dinner at the barracks, where they gave us our first taste of royal palm salad — very delicious and much like celery — we took electric cars to *el parque*, several miles away. Here a native band was playing in an open pavilion; one of the musicians produced a scratching accompaniment on a curious little instrument he called a *witcherol*.

Sunday I went to what was designated the Protestant church, and found it rather pathetic — just a small, bare room, with a few white people, and a sermon made indistinguishable by the noises in the street. Nearly every one on the island was Catholic and at that time very hostile to the Protestants, so the latter could hardly hire even a hole in which to have their services.

The American Governor of the island and his wife lived in the same handsome but dilapidated palace which the Spanish Governors had occupied. It was built quite in the Castilian style, with a



MOSS AND SHELLS FROM FLORIDA: WELD GARDEN

great courtyard in the middle; the floors were stone or marble, and the ceilings very high, so that, although none of the bedrooms had windows, there seemed to be plenty of light and air. In the old throne room, alas, the throne had been taken away, but there remained a few relics — black, fantastically carved furniture with moth-eaten leather coverings, and some shadowy, age-darkened paintings of the Velasquez school.

Motoring across the island, the first few miles we had a good level road; the country was quite tropical, with occasional small villages of shacks built on stilts, with thatched roofs and sides of dried banana leaves. But soon the car began to climb into the clouds, up and up into the mist and rain, over the mountains. The scenery, when the clouds lifted, became superb. After sixty miles of this, we reached Coamo Springs, and found to our surprise a clean and pretty hotel with marble tubs and natural sulphur baths. It was a great gambling resort in old Spanish times, and although the gaming had, of course, been done away with, our American soldiers enjoyed going there.

Next day a drive of twenty miles through hot and dusty cane-fields brought us to Ponce, where

we stopped only to buy a mascot for the yacht. This was a wee goat, so young he had to be fed from a bottle, and we named him in honor of the place — Billy Ponce. The Virginia met us here and we went aboard, sailing at sunset for St. Thomas.

This is one of the Virgin Islands which the United States has recently bought from the Danes, to whom it still belonged, of course, when we were there. The small harbor was surrounded by steep circling hills that reached straight to the sea-line, so that the town had to climb and cling to find a foothold. In the old buccaneering days these hills made a fine refuge for the pirates who infested the Spanish Main and used this place for their headquarters. Guarding town and harbor were two ancient towers, Bluebeard's and Blackbeard's; these gentlemen of fortune, with their third brother, Whitebeard, all flew the black flag.

With perfect cruising weather we left St. Thomas, and steamed on past other islands set in the gleaming sapphire — southern islands rich in jungle growth, islands with lofty mountains plunging into the water, islands fringed, mile upon mile, with feathery cocoanut, and floppy-

leaved banana trees — British, Spanish, French, and Dutch colonies, as well as South American and black republics, each contributing to the endless variety of manners and customs.

We touched at a number of the islands — Guadeloupe, Montserrat, St. Vincent, Grenada, and Barbados, but our longest stay was at St. Pierre, Martinique, at that time famous because of Pierre Loti's exquisite description. It was carnival time when we landed, and a mad, hilarious moment. The sensuous, dark-skinned women, decked out in vivid, barbaric costumes, with strings of gold beads as big as hickory nuts, danced wildly through the streets, singing naughty songs in a French patois as they swayed. Morals were thrown to the wind — the carnival developed into an orgy. A week later, struck as if by the hand of God for its sins, the whole town was wiped out by the horrible eruption of Mount Pelée, and forty thousand of its gay dancing revelers became forever mute and cold in death.

One morning we woke to find ourselves in the shallow, muddy harbor of Trinidad, surrounded by wooded hills. It is aptly named the "Island of a Thousand Hills," and the drive

through its maze of winding valleys might indeed be called the road to paradise. From sea to sky was one stretch of vivid and varied greens. Along the roadway trotted picturesque coolies, men and women brought from India to work on the great plantations. Their costumes surpassed in Oriental brilliancy even those worn in the Far East, for many of the coolies were decked out in massive jewelry that gave them a fine air of prosperity — an air not belied by fact, for some of them had already purchased their own plantations.

The greatest wonder of Trinidad, perhaps the most beautiful island of the West Indies, is its pitch lake. This vast expanse of asphalt, a hundred acres or more, looks like a black sea, warm to the touch and in places slightly bubbling. No one knows how long it has been there, but there is a tradition that Sir Walter Raleigh once caulked his ships from its mysterious depths. The surface is mostly dry and covered with a network of tiny wrinkles; above it always hovers a shimmer of heated air. No matter how much asphalt may be hauled away, when the workers leave at night they know that by morning the wide, gaping furrow will be filled again, smooth and warm and level.

There is a slow movement that can be noticed, we were told, from day to day. An island of verdure wanders from one shore to another, or the ghostly trunk of a long-dead tree rises from the black surface, pointing upwards for a time like a warning finger, and then withdrawing again into the depths.

As Trinidad is near Venezuela, it needed only a short run to bring us to La Guayra. Here we found a German man-of-war on a characteristic errand — demanding money, which it claimed had been long due. Ashore, calmly indifferent to foreign affairs, a religious pilgrimage was being conducted, its objective a spring into which a bottle of water from the River Jordan had been poured — so thousands were visiting it to be healed of their ills. Incidentally a revolution was in progress, but the town seemed quiet, and a few soldiers guarding the road were the only visible signs of war.

At Caracas, quite a large Spanish town on a high plateau, the members of our party lunched at the American Legation, and then set off once more back to the coast, having a most thrilling and never-to-be-forgotten ride on a hand-car,

flying through space with incredible rapidity, whirling this way and that on the bare edge of a precipice, and whizzing a breathless four thousand feet down the mountain-side before reaching sea level.

Our next stop was at Curaçao, a quaint little toy Dutch town, covering a spotless wee island; with its canal, its scrubbed doorsteps, tiled roofs, and diminutive yellow plaster houses, every inch was reminiscent of Holland, even to the spotted cows and beds of jocund tulips. It was enchanting — a child's dream of an island — unlike any other island in the West Indies — or, for that matter, even in the whole world, I am sure.

A visit from the Dutch Governor, and a call or two, and then Virginia was off again — two days at sea, and such rolling! At sunrise we landed at Haiti, or more accurately, at Port-au-Prince, the capital of the little black republic.

It was Sunday, and the wide, dusty streets were lined with ragged soldiers in fragmentary uniforms. Some had guns and some did without. Numerous generals strutted about in the most absurd regalias, with cocked hats, no two outfits of the same cut or color, but all abounding in

braid and buttons. The cause of all this ceremony — the military had lined up all along the way to do him honor as he passed by on his way to church — soon appeared in a French victoria, drawn by prancing snowy-white horses, the President of the republic, Simon Sam, black as shoe polish, but, oh, so fine in Prince Albert and all the shining pride of a silk hat!

The market in Port-au-Prince was quite the best we had seen in that part of the world. Hundreds of pitch-black women, dressed in clean calicoes, were selling or bartering various kinds of eatables which they had brought in from the country loaded on donkeys. The women of Haiti do all the work, leaving the men to sit comfortably at home in their shacks.

In the villages back among the hills, it was whispered, the natives had reverted to their old form of religion, voodooism. They had wild dances and secret ceremonies, and sometimes a child was sacrificed. Since we were there the island has been subject to American influence, however, so doubtless conditions are different today. It is so beautiful, with its fertile valleys and great mountains — one of them, Loma Tina, the

highest peak in all the West Indies, rises ten thousand feet above the sea.

Our short stay in Jamaica was chiefly memorable for the drive through Fern Valley. We had to get up at five o'clock in the morning to take it, but found it worth the effort. The scenery was quite as lovely as anything we had seen on the whole trip. Roaring River Falls were unique, for not only did the water tumble from a great height over the rocks, but on these rocks grew tall cocoanut trees. The drive was tiresome toward the last, for the poor horses were so exhausted that we had to get out and walk up all the hills and thought we should never survive the journey.

That night in a rainstorm, with a rough sea running, we left Jamaica for Cuba. By morning the current had swept us out of our course and even the captain could not get his bearings. When land finally appeared it proved to be Guantanamo, where American marines had captured the Spanish blockhouse and signal station. Steaming west, Virginia passed Daiquiri, where all our troops had landed and whence Wheeler with his regulars and the Rough Riders

had marched on to Siboney, soon to engage in the battles of Las Guasimas and El Caney and the never-to-be-forgotten San Juan Hill.

Just before dark, reaching the entrance to Santiago Harbor, the yacht entered the extraordinary dusky channel at twilight, so narrow and crooked, and overhung with such lofty fortified cliffs that we marveled anew at Hobson's feat in trying to block it. His description of the moment of the sinking of the Merrimac gives a vivid idea of that remarkable adventure: "The firing suddenly ceased. The vessel lowered her head like a faithful animal, proudly aware of its sacrifice, bowed below the surface, and plunged forward. The stern rose and heeled heavily; it stood for a moment, shuddering, then started downward, righting as it went. A great rush of water came up the gangway, seething and gurgling out on the deck. . . . It seized us and threw us against the bulwarks, then over the rail. A sweeping vortex whirled above. We charged about with casks, cans, and spars. . . . The life-preservers stood us in good stead, preventing chests from being crushed . . . for spars came, end on, like battering-rams." Hobson was picked up by a launch on

which was Admiral Cervera himself, and imprisoned in the *morro*.

The channel opened suddenly into a glassy, landlocked bay, with a town in the distance, its twinkling lights scattered over a sloping hillside. The peaceful, sheltered harbor was very welcome after our stormy cruise.

The next morning the yacht's cook was ill; moreover, we had just come from Jamaica where there was yellow fever, so the doctor promptly put us in quarantine. For a time it looked as if the harbor might be all that we should see of the place. However, one of the firemen put his collar bone out of joint, and when the doctor came back to attend to him, he found the cook so far recovered that concluding his illness was not dangerous, he allowed us to go ashore.

Santiago was a very clean village. Since our occupation most of the streets had been covered with asphalt and small sidewalks laid. Older than time itself seemed the *morro*, built on several different levels, and looking as if it were clinging precariously to the cliff. A dougherty hauled us up the hill, while gorgeously colored land crabs scuttled away before the horses. A sharp turn

and we came unexpectedly face to face with the military quarters, where our men, still in possession, were stationed to guard the prisoners. The officers received us very hospitably and treated us to refreshments and a band concert. The interior of the fortress was so immaculate that one could hardly imagine what its condition must have been when Hobson was imprisoned there, though at best his cell was small and musty and badly lighted.

General Whitside very kindly took us to see the battle-field of San Juan. The brown, rolling country had low hills lying along the horizon line; everything was covered with long, dry grass, save for a few shrubs and one or two big trees.

A mile and a half from the town where the Spanish army surrendered we came to the historic cottonwood tree, with a circle of white-tipped palings around it to mark the spot where their infantry had piled its arms in token of submission. Getting down from the wagon, we went to see the trenches from which the Spaniards had fired and the blockhouse they had abandoned in their headlong flight. The hill which our men had climbed in the face of a devastating

fire was very steep. Below it lay a broad plain, with a river which had to be forded. The wonder was that they had not all been killed crossing the wide expanse. A short distance away was Kettle Hill, and a farmhouse which the Rough Riders had charged. Over on San Juan Ridge we could see gaping holes in the earth where our dead had been buried after the battle — later to be sent back to lie in their own land. On the General's staff was a Captain Whitehead who had seen action in the fight, since he belonged to the Tenth Cavalry, and he explained it all to us very vividly. In the distance we caught sight of an artist working at an easel, and the Captain told us it was Vereshchagin making studies for a battle picture.

It must have been a most gallant and spirited victory. The charge straight up the steep hill under rapid fire from hidden and entrenched Spaniards, far outnumbering our attacking force, was nothing short of heroic. One of our officers, an aide named Dennis Michie, spared the life of a wounded Spaniard, only to have him turn and kill him from behind — a species of treachery which apparently the Germans did not originate. Although the military captured scores of prisoners,



OUTDOOR STAGE: WELD GARDEN

our forces suffered more killed and wounded than the enemy, but that was inevitable where infantry did the charging and carried earthworks with the aid of dismounted cavalry.

In spite of the general heroism, there were, of course, lapses of courage, and skulkers who had to have the fear of God put into them. This was true even in the Great War. "It would really be a good thing in many respects," an army officer wrote me not long ago, "if the public could know how many men had to be sent through dugouts to threaten to kill the skulkers if they did n't get out and get busy. One officer was given a Distinguished Service Cross for stopping a retreat by shooting several of his own men who were running — though the citation did not read that way." But the few instances of this sort in both wars only serve to bring out the great bravery of the majority.

The sea was calm as the yacht steamed along the coast the next day past the wrecks of the Spanish fleet. Three were still visible, one man-of-war lifting high its deserted decks. We ran in close to shore to get a better view of the battered hulks, then, not content with that, got

into small boats and rowed around the Colon to see more closely the marks of our shells. An American naval officer who took part in the battle gave us a much-prized souvenir of the trip — the Colon's flag-pole.

Virginia lay all this while in the open sea where Cervera had rushed his ships out in a headlong attempt to give swift battle and escape. Behind us gleamed the Diamond Shoal which they crossed; then they turned sharply west and poured shot and shell in dense volleys that tore the blue waters into snowy foam. But the steady, rapid, and accurate fire of our gunners was more effective. The Maria Teresa turned and fled, to sink, a burning wreck, upon the shore at Nima Nima. The Oquendo, a mass of flames, hastened to beach herself before it was too late. The Vizcaya struggled on, only to be driven landward an hour later, like her sister ships, while the commander of the Colon hauled down her flag and ran full speed ashore. The latter was not badly hurt, but after surrendering, the Spaniards secretly opened and broke the sea valves so that she sank in shoal water. The tides were washing her barnacled sides as we rowed about.

It makes one proud to remember that American officers and men took off the Spanish crews, in the midst of exploding batteries and ammunition, saving them at a far greater risk to their own lives than they had endured all day in battle. It was, as Lodge has said, "a very noble conclusion to a very perfect victory."

Cienfuegos, our next port, had, like Santiago, a narrow passage leading into a great bay — a coast formation that seemed characteristic of Cuba; but the hills in the distance were lower, and the land about the bay more level. The harbor was filled with ships lying in port ready to load with sugar for the United States whenever a procrastinating Congress should say the word.

A railway crossed the island to Matanzas, several hours' journey through the center of the island with endless flat stretches of sugar-cane. Occasional feathery palms broke the monotony, but no other trees were to be seen. It was a terribly hot day, and the car crowded with sick people and babies and dirty Cubans and dirtier Cubans, all shaken up together and bumping over one of the roughest lines in the world. The resulting profusion of assorted noises, smells, and sights

made us quite ready to find the hotel at Matanzas very comfortable and to enjoy the good dinner.

Matanzas had a Spanish plaza and a fine drive along the bay leading to the new American barracks. The carriages — called *volantes*, a sort of clumsy chaise with enormous wheels and shafts fourteen feet long — were exceedingly comfortable. They were drawn by two horses hitched tandem with a postilion sitting on the second one. I recall a particularly pleasant ride to Ballamar, a beautiful cave with galleries running for a distance of nearly three miles, and great pillared halls and endless narrow passages with wonderful crystals.

An early train next morning took us to Havana. Perhaps because we had been so long in funny little places, we were much struck with its size and general air of activity. Alice Roosevelt was visiting General and Mrs. Leonard Wood, the military governor and his wife. Virginia had sailed around the island to meet us, so we had Mrs. Wood and Alice on board for tea, and later went to a cavalry review given in their honor at the Columbia Barracks. There was always plenty doing wherever Alice appeared — like her father, she was a center of activity.

The improvements wrought in Cuba by American occupation were everywhere to be seen, but I fancy they were more appreciated by the foreign residents than by the natives. We dined with the Judge Advocate General in his delightful house with its garden overlooking the sea. He had been in Cuba almost from the first day of occupation and was much interested in speculating about the future of the island. However, he displayed a pessimism in regard to the Cubans' ability to govern themselves that later events have not absolutely justified.

Another day brought us a chance to explore the great fortress of Cabañas, the largest that Vauban ever built. Up to that time it had been chiefly interesting as the scene of the last act in the life of any Cuban patriot who got caught — it was not pleasant to see the wall against which they had been shot.

Our last hours on shore were spent among the shops, with a drive along the Prado, and after a few good-bye calls we went aboard and put out to sea with much signaling and saluting and waving of handkerchiefs to and from friends ashore. The weather was very fine, just breeze enough to make

it cool, and a gentle ripple on the face of the waters. That evening a golden moon glowed in the heavens, and as Virginia turned her bow away from the Spanish Main, where sunken galleons and untold wealth of doubloons lie at the bottom of the sea, we all joined in a buccaneer sing-song:

“ For no more shall the Kidd sail the Spanish Sea
In his pirate craft so grim;
Full well does he know that the gallows tree
Has a welcome in store for him.”

Morning found us racing through the beautiful blue-green water of the Bahama Bank, and after running all day along low-lying keys and coral islands, we dropped anchor that night off Nassau, northward and homeward-bound at last.

CHAPTER IV

Parties and Politics

EARLY in his first administration President Roosevelt had advocated the conservation of woodland and other natural resources, and he worked steadily to that end throughout both his terms of office. As a result, over forty million acres were added to the national forests. One of the Tillman-Roosevelt controversies arose from this project. It appeared that the President had accused Senator Tillman of having something to do with the land and lumber frauds in Oregon. A man from that State, who went with us to hear the speeches at the Senate and who knew all about the situation, called it a slightly shady affair, but questioned whether it was quite bad enough to justify the President in accusing Tillman publicly. Although it did not ruin the Senator's reputation, it left somewhat of a stigma on his public career. However, Tillman did not show a very strong case for himself, nor was his speech as fiery as some that he had made.

There had never been a greater crowd than that

morning, for every one wanted to hear what the choleric member from South Carolina would say on the subject. The galleries were overflowing, and streams of people went away disappointed. We waited, though, and were rewarded by being smuggled by a perfectly strange man into a gallery where we at least were able to stand and look and listen.

At their desks down on the floor I could pick out several of the most influential Republican Senators — Hale, Allison, Aldrich, Lodge, Gallinger, and Knox. Looking them all over critically it struck me that the Western type predominated however — a big-jawed, clean-shaven lot of men, rather inclined to be indifferent about clothes and hair. In the old days it was the North and South which provided the salient types. "Southern pomposity," says Adams, "when not arrogant, was genial and sympathetic, almost quaint and childlike in its simple-mindedness; quite different from the Websterian or Conklinian pomposity of the North."

The Capitol always was and always will be the most interesting place in Washington. At that time I went there frequently, listening to debates

in both the Senate and the House. It was more or less a lottery what subjects would be brought up in the legislative sessions — sometimes the questions were vital and the speeches spirited, but often they were dull and the time dragged.

I happened to be there when Senator Foraker, whom Roosevelt had attacked, made his reply. He seemed very nervous and excited and swished his notes round and called the President all kinds of names. The Brownsville affair came up, too, and great indignation was shown against Roosevelt. The galleries were filled with colored people. After all the talk there did not seem much head or tail to the affair, nor was any one the wiser.

It was always more or less absorbing, but I found myself sharing the sentiments of a contemporary satirist — “‘Well, I see Congress has got to wurrk again,’ said Mr. Dooley. ‘The Lord save us fr’m harm,’ said Mr. Hennessey.” One felt as if the orators were playing a game of words; that there was too much talking and very little accomplished. I believe much of the real work is done in committee rooms.

The day on which we were first ushered into the Supreme Court stands out in my memory. The

justices, all very impressive, entered in state, their dignified black robes somber in the subdued light. Best known among them were White, McKenna, Brewer, and Holmes.

It was during Roosevelt's second administration that we went down from Washington on Roxana to see the opening of the Jamestown Exposition, which was not at Jamestown at all, but near Norfolk, thirty miles or more down river. At Old Point Comfort the cheerful lights of the Chamberlin greeted us, and soon men-of-war loomed up at anchor in the Roads. That, of course, was before the days of low-visibility painting, and the men-of-war were in solid colors — the four English a battle-gray, the two Austrian dark green — and in the semi-darkness they looked brooding and ominous, the impersonation of death. The next morning in the bright sunshine there was still something superb and powerful about them, but less sinister.

At an early hour the *Mayflower*, with the President on board, was sighted in the distance, and all the warships fired salutes from six-pounders with black powder. The flashes and clouds of smoke and the deafening noise made it seem like a real battle.

The naval display was on a larger scale and — curiously enough — much more impressive than an earlier one at Kiel where we had seen a great gathering of men-of-war, when the King of England steamed in on his black yacht and the Kaiser on his white one. At Hampton Roads there were two long lines of magnificent modern warships of every kind. The only country to send an old-fashioned battleship was Argentina; with the men on the yardarms, she stood out very conspicuously. It would be more correct to say, perhaps, that the South American vessel was the only one then considered out of date — some of the others must long since have been scrapped.

As the *Mayflower* steamed down the line, the guns again thundered their salute; the yacht, dropping anchor, gathered launches about her as a magnet gathers needles, the Secretary of the Navy and all the admirals coming to pay their respects to the chief executive. Admiral Evans was in command of the fleet. President and Mrs. Roosevelt, with their party, soon set off for the exposition in their launch, which was quite like the other boats except that it flew the presidential blue flag with a white eagle; on either side

a similar boat accompanied them as guard. Other craft quickly followed, bearing distinguished people, while hundreds more trailed along behind filled with sailors and marines for the parade. There were yachts and transports and government tugs with their parties, too, and a steamer from Washington with all the diplomats, as guests of the exhibition.

When Roosevelt stepped ashore, three hundred guns were fired in honor of the three hundredth anniversary of the first settlement of Virginia. His address and the military and naval parade which followed completed the formalities.

On this opening day the Fair, like too many of our American expositions, was still in an unfinished condition. It was small, but artistically laid out, and the buildings were mostly of red brick with white trimmings, rather than the usual tawdry plaster. Each of the earlier fairs had had its own distinguishing features — Chicago, the White City, had its architectural effect; Buffalo, its electrical display; and St. Louis the best exhibits that we had ever seen in this country. Jamestown was chiefly devoted to the Army and Navy, but some of the state build-



MORGAN SAUNDERS

THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI

ings were very well done, such as the copy of the State House in Boston, and the Ohio building — a reproduction of a lovely old house at Chillicothe.

What a fantastic sight that evening were the two long lines of brilliantly lighted ships! They sparkled in the darkness like fairy vessels, and were the abode of little shining spirits with twinkling, waving arms, in reality the signalmen wigwagging back and forth.

The British carried electric lights on the waterline and were especially showy, but on ours the gleaming names added greatly to the display; the Germans outlined their flags so that they glowed like jewels in the sky, while the masts and yardarms of all the men-of-war lifted high into the heavens their illuminated crosses.

The electrical display lasted until midnight. The only sound was an occasional faint strain of music from one of the boats where, if you looked closely enough, you could see shadowy beings whirling about on deck.

Distinguished visitors had arrived on the foreign vessels and were fêted. Among them was the Duke of the Abruzzi, a prince of the House of Savoy,

although he had been born in Spain while his father was king of that country. He was still young and a good fellow. Already he was renowned as an Arctic explorer, for he had distanced all except Peary in the race for the North Pole. His record as a mountain climber was good, too, for he had stood on the top of Mt. St. Elias in Alaska, and scaled another almost inaccessible peak in Africa.

A few days later a water carnival took place. Dinners and balls were given on board the ships, while floating pageants of Indians and Japanese dragons passed by. At the various festivities Admiral Kuroki, the hero of the Yalu, calm, smiling, covered with medals, rivaled the Duke in the attention he attracted.

In connection with the exposition we made a charming trip up the broad, coffee-colored James to the island that was the real landing-place of John Smith. On the site of the little settlement were some ancient graves, and the tower of the chapel where Pocahontas and Rolfe were married. A small red-brick church was under construction, and, in its half-finished condition, looked by moonlight as if it might really be the ruins of the

original. Within it lay a tablet in memory of one of L.'s ancestors, Richard Clough.

It was our good fortune to visit Jamestown Island at the same time that Mr. Allison Armour landed there with his yachting party, which included Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, later ambassador to Italy, and General Leuwenfelt, at that time one of the most important men in Germany. He had been sent to this country by the Kaiser to represent him at the opening of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh and the unveiling of the statue of Frederick at the War College in Washington. Mr. Page's address gave a vivid sense of the mingled pathos and romance of Virginian history. Afterwards we stood in the silent church and joined in reciting the Lord's Prayer.

No one with a boat at his command could resist the temptation to continue his trip farther up the beautiful river to the fascinating old colonial mansions along its banks. Lower Brandon, the home of the Harrisons, was indeed a treat; the grounds were beautifully laid out; flowering dogwood and peach trees in blossom, and lovely green, grassy paths from the river to the house bordered with cowslips on either side. The mansion had ex-

quisitely carved woodwork, rare old furniture filled the spacious chambers, and quaint family silver gleamed in cabinets in the dining-room. The delightful Southern people who lived there made us feel at home and entertained us with the history of the family portraits upon the walls. The bullet holes in front of the house were a sad reminder of the Civil War — or, as they prefer to call it, the War between the States.

Upper Brandon, tumbledown and overgrown as it then was, had a real charm because it had been left quite in its original condition; it, too, contained some finely carved woodwork. Still farther up was one of the most interesting of all the old Virginia residences — Westover. This had been beautifully preserved — the main house with its wings, its white steps and columns, its out-buildings and round dove-cotes, were all in repair and complete. Huge pin oaks shaded the house; there were fine old gates of wrought ironwork, a garden with tall box hedges, and the tomb of the famous Colonel Byrd. As one approaches Richmond the copper-colored river gets narrower and narrower. The oldest house in the State is Shirley, the Carter place, with its fine portrait of



THOMAS NELSON PAGE



George Washington done from life by Peel. Each house has a quality quite its own, and Tuckahoe, the last we visited, fascinated us quite as much as the others with its strange story of ghostly shadows that appear from time to time upon the walls, the story told by the lady of the house who had often seen the apparitions herself. But really one had only to read the pages of Virginian annals to people all these mansions with the shadows of their former occupants, men and women who made the greatness of their native State.

Before leaving the exposition we invited the Duke of the Abruzzi to dine with us in Washington, and it was at our house that he met Miss Elkins, beginning an acquaintance which caused so much discussion. Later when we went back to Brookline he stayed with us at "Weld."

On the morning that the Italian ship Varese came in, L. motored into Boston to pick up the Italian consul, then went over to the Navy Yard and from there sailed down the harbor to meet the huge dun-colored vessel. The Duke appeared on deck and called them aboard, so L. negotiated a perilous bit of plank and sat for a while in the Duke's cabin, trying to see what his plans might

be. There was the matter of a degree that Harvard was to give him, and several other things which he seemed to rely on L. to arrange.

That noon the Duke motored out to "Weld," where we gathered in the Italian garden and had luncheon in the marble pergola by the trickling fountain. The day was most fortunate — summery but pearly with mist; all around the wide horizon the sky was beautiful with yellows and blues and grays, and the view of the city below and the harbor beyond strangely far for such an atmosphere. A certain mystery lay over it all — even our hilltop garden, with its statues, and balustraded terraces and splashes of color, looked unreal. Some musicians from the Symphony Orchestra played softly in the distance, just far enough away to sound magical.

It was still early in the afternoon when I drove the Duke over to the Country Club in the phaeton with the pretty chestnut horses. Two mounted officers joined us and led the procession. All the carriages on their way had been stopped, so we drove up in spanking style, and the bars were let down for us at a special entrance behind the grand stand.

The grounds were lovely, the boxes full of pretty women, and the racing really good. His Royal Highness was, of course, the feature of the afternoon, for all looked at him and he stood being looked at very well. We had been a little bit worried, for he had told us that threatening letters had been received; but everywhere he went there were lynx-eyed secret service men, and there was n't a single disagreeable occurrence.

After the races we motored into town where Roxana's gig was waiting to take us out to the yacht. After cruising down the bay to Pemberton, our party trolleyed to Nantasket and on to Paragon Park, where, though it was rather late, we had an hour for seeing the sights. The Duke wanted to try out all the novelties, and by the time we got back to the yacht and home I, for one, was tired out.

Next morning the Duke and his aide, the Marquis Negrotto, made the rounds of the Harvard clubs with L., called on President Eliot, visited the Institute of Technology, and had tiffin with Charles Francis Adams at the Somerset Club. After that they dashed out to Cambridge and saw an exciting baseball game. The Duke

went back to his ship, and later in the evening L. met His Highness again at the dinner which the Governor was giving him — quite a fine affair with a hundred and fifty guests, many of them in uniform.

On Commencement Day the Duke, who had returned to "Weld," came down at eight in the morning in full dress with all his decorations — he certainly did know how to wear his uniform, too! The Commonwealth of Massachusetts was to take charge of His Royal Highness and had sent out a magnificent general in full regalia to escort him, along with an automobile that would n't start. When they finally did get away, with the aforesaid magnificent general crowding himself into the seat beside the Duke, there was an appreciative twinkle in the latter's eye.

Following in our car, we watched the procession pass up Beacon Street — the Governor taking the Duke and his staff out to Commencement, convoyed by the Lancers with scarlet jackets and pennons flying, for this is the one day in the year when the Lancers appear in their glory, escorting the Governor out to the college ceremonies.

At Sanders Theater I sat with Mrs. Eliot's



WHERE THE DUKE LUNCHEDED: WELD GARDEN

guests, the British and French ambassadors and others, and saw the conferring of the degrees. After attending a reception at the Eliots' house, L. took the Duke and his aide to the A.D. Club for a bite. As Secretary Root and the Postmaster-General were also there, it made quite a distinguished little party. After an awful crush at the chief marshal's spread, the procession formed for the afternoon exercises at Memorial Hall. Here the Duke made a very nice speech, L. having gone over it with him and told him how to pronounce the more difficult words. He left early to catch his ship and take her down the harbor before dark, for he did all his own navigating.

The rest of us went into town to board a yacht where the Duke, having left the Varese at anchor off Boston Light, joined us for dinner. It was twilight when we steamed away from the wharf toward where his ship was lying. While we were out, a dash of wind and rain came up, the first bit of bad weather during his whole visit, but it was over by the time we came alongside the Varese. So His Royal Highness went away with many good-byes, and as the boats parted he turned out the guard, and while his band played the "Star-

Spangled Banner," a very pretty compliment, he stood on the bridge and waved adieu.

Later a new destroyer was about to be launched at the Fore River shipyards, and as it was to be named Perkins in honor of my father, the Secretary of the Navy asked me to christen it. In Boston a number of people joined our party, among them Roosevelt's brother-in-law, Admiral Cowles, a genial, lovable man, and his wife, the President's sister, was full of energy like her brother.

The shipyard was a brilliant scene, as the sun shone down upon the gay holiday throng which stood within the flag-draped enclosure. About ten o'clock in the forenoon the signal was given, and everything went off without a hitch. I smashed the bottle and the crowd broke into cheers, while the whistles tooted madly, and the ship slipped gracefully into the water. None of us realized what stirring service she would see in this great war.

Soon after this event came a visit to Annapolis. The Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Meyer, had gone down there on the Dolphin and had kindly allowed Roxana to moor at the dock near by so that we could see everything that was to be

seen. It was a gala day to celebrate Mr. Meyer's first visit. The commandant of the yard came to pay his respects to him, soon after our arrival, and escorted him in and out of every building on the place. As a band played every time the Secretary moved, it kept going pretty constantly. Many officers in full dress went and came on the Dolphin and a splendid review took place on the green. I thought the new buildings of the Naval Academy too ornate, but set in the beautiful grounds, the clustered town with its old-fashioned steeples rising behind them, they formed a charming picture.

A destroyer took us to see a race between Columbia and the Academy up the pretty Severn River with its high red banks and green fields stretching away in the distance. The contest was very close, but we were happy because in the end the Navy won. When it ended, the Meyer party came aboard Roxana and we steamed across to Whitehall, a two-winged, brick house, once the home of royal governors, and wandered about the garden, gathering iris and lilacs.

Sunday morning at Annapolis the air was full of mist, but we landed and walked over to the

old training ship Santee lying at the wharf, a fascinating craft with its great suites of rooms and its small windows aft with flowers in them. Down on the deck below us the captain could be heard reading the articles of war to the seamen and men-at-arms. His cook had been tried by court-martial for going off for two days without leave and getting drunk, so his sentence read four days' imprisonment and thirty dollars off his pay. The man's face showed no sign of emotion except a slight quiver of the lips as he listened to his sentence.

The band struck up and we left to go to chapel, a new one built on the site of the old, in which lies John Paul Jones's body, brought from France some years ago. The chaplain, who had been at the Academy a long time, preached a very good sermon for the cadets on the subject of honor, and the whole service was impressive.

That day L. and I had luncheon with a Maryland family in their old-fashioned house, full of exquisite china, engraved glass, priceless prints, and antique furniture. The ladies of the house were delightful hostesses, tall, thin, and distinguished, with charming manners. Like so many Southern-

ers, they had been ruined by the Civil War. No doubt they had cooked the meal themselves with the aid of an old darky, and it was delicious. The bottle of wine that came from their cellar had been treasured for generations. The *ménage* was typical of that of many people living to-day in the lovely old houses of Annapolis.

Back on the boat that night we had a jolly dinner. Adding to the amusement was the presentation of a live baby bear as a mascot for Roxana — such a funny, furry little creature! It had to be fed from a nursing bottle, and even then cried all night so that hardly a soul got a wink of sleep. But that did n't matter very much, for some of our guests stayed up all night anyway, to watch for Halley's comet, and when it became visible they called the rest of us. It was a heavenly night, and the harbor of Annapolis lay still and gleaming. The new moon shone just over the mast of the boat, with Venus near by; the twilight of the dawn had just begun when, above the first faint flush, appeared the comet, a crimson streak across the sky.

During Roosevelt's administration a bronze statue of my father, by Daniel Chester French,

was placed on the balcony of the Hall of Fame in the Naval Academy — a resolute and daring figure, in full-dress uniform, the left hand resting on the hilt of his sword. The family thought the likeness faithful to a remarkable degree. My father had entered the Navy as a midshipman when only fourteen years old, and had served his country for forty years. At the unveiling a classmate described him as “skilled and resourceful as a seaman, tactful and just as a commanding officer, intrepid in spirit and heroic in doing . . . stanch and true as a friend . . . an alert and heartsome man of the sea, whom Farragut delighted to honor as one of the most trusted and dashing of his captains.”

Roosevelt's second term was coming to its close, and not a few people at that time had begun to agree with the author of “Alice in Out-looking Land” in their estimate of Roosevelt's policies:

“The Red Knight had been rowing for a long time and Alice noticed that they were still in the same place. That was on account of the peculiar way in which the Red Knight handled the oars. He pulled at the right oar as hard as he could and

he pushed with the left oar as hard as he could and the boat went round and round in a circle.

“‘We are n’t getting any nearer the shore, are we?’ he asked anxiously.

“‘Not a bit,’ said Alice.

“‘That’s fine,’ said the Red Knight. ‘Now you can see that I am neither a wild-eyed radical nor a moss-grown reactionary.’”

Nevertheless a good many of his friends urged him to stand for a third term, arguing that after all he had only been elected as President once. But T. R. held out quite firmly against their projects and made a series of statements which he had some difficulty in rescinding afterwards. He seemed quite anxious to have Taft for his successor, and the forthcoming Republican convention at Chicago offered to develop some interesting situations.

We pulled into the Windy City early in the morning of the 15th of June, 1908. Chicago always depresses me, for there seem to be such extremes of wealth and poverty and so much distress; the parks are always full of miserable-looking devils — and yet the shopping districts are crowded with over-dressed people. We found

rooms in the very thick of the fight, at the Congress Hotel, with all the State committees above, below, and about us. What a mob of queer characters from every corner of the country — Oshkosh, Peoria, Kalamazoo — from Alaska, Porto Rico, and the Philippines! Our huge leviathan of a hotel was the headquarters for everything and everybody. Its corridors were really impassable, and its lobbies jammed with fat, smooth-faced politicians carrying huge cigars in the corners of their mouths, and here and there a few gayly dressed women wearing the badges of their candidates.

All day processions of cheerful idiots paraded on the wide, ugly mall out in front, toward the lake, carrying parasols of different colors, countermarching in foolish circles, and at last taking up positions that spelled the name of Knox. Another club had a live elephant with Taft's picture; and there were Indians with Sherman's portrait to boom him for Vice-President. Fairbanks was much discussed. He would surely be Vice-President. No; he would run only for President. An amazing cartoon by McCutcheon appeared, representing Fairbanks and Sherman being chased by Miss Vice-

President, with the caption: "Fairbanks may stumble!"

Getting tickets was a struggle which lasted all day, and even then remained a matter of great uncertainty, but we finally succeeded in having some reserved for us, and in the end had enough and to spare. The weather was fortunately cool. We walked about a mile to the Coliseum, which seated twelve thousand people. Our places were on the platform behind the speakers and as a consequence we heard scarcely a word they said. The hall blazed with flags and bunting and the galleries were gay with color. The building was a superb sight, crowded with its myriads of eager people.

The first day did not turn out to be terribly exciting — in fact, it was rather disappointing. Fine spectacle though it was, it lacked enthusiasm. A banner of dear Mr. Taft brought in caused no demonstration, while even the mention of Roosevelt led to only moderate applause. The session, from twelve until two, was a short one, luckily. Then we returned to the hotel and had a good cold tiffin in our room.

Next day there was more doing. In the center of

the floor sat the delegates. Lodge, as permanent chairman, presided splendidly, and all his speeches and decisions were so thoroughbred and parliamentary. There were periods of excitement and cheering which broke up the proceedings and were amusing till they became tiresome, for some of them lasted fully three quarters of an hour, and after the original outburst were rather perfunctory and organized. Even the applause which greeted Lodge's mention of Roosevelt was rowdy and disappointing, perhaps the shoutings of hoodlums who had slipped in.

Somebody brought in a large Teddy-bear and passed it round, almost causing a riot. It finally rolled beneath the feet of a lot of people who were fighting to get possession of it, and the police arriving on the scene suppressed the excitement, while the Teddy-bear disappeared for good and always. The cheering for La Follette was mixed in with that for Roosevelt — a sort of good-bye ovation. There was much voting and oratory on the question of reducing the representation from the Southern States — a colored delegate spoke remarkably well, but it all amounted to nothing, for no change was made.

On the third day the session was opened by a woman singing, and by clubs marching through the aisles with bands and much cheering. We sat in one spot for eight hours, again on the platform, with a bottle of water for our only refreshment. It was more than crowded and you could not leave, for you would never get your seat again. A man near us talked continually during the speaking, and getting no encouragement, finally got up, saying he guessed he would leave because the man next him was so nervous. The other retaliated by exclaiming, no wonder — his neighbor talked so loud he could n't hear a word of the speeches! A knock-down fight resulted. There were many comments in the newspapers next day — it was charged that the ushers had admitted so many of their friends that the ticket-holders who arrived late were not allowed entrance.

Much of the speaking was of the Wild-West order, flamboyant and high-flown, with ranting and antics; several of the "orators" were so intoxicated with their own verbosity that they talked too long and were guyed by the crowd. This was undignified, but so amusing that it gave variety to the proceedings.

“Uncle Joe” Cannon received much applause from his native State. Fairbanks had a moderate amount, too, but Governor Hanly’s speech nominating him was very long, and everybody became so hot and tired that they called “Time! Time!” But he declared vehemently that he would stop when he got ready, whereat everybody shouted, “Get ready! Get ready!” As the Governor talked, he clapped his hands to emphasize his words, and the crowd clapped with him, so we all got into gales of laughter.

Little enthusiasm fell to Hughes, but the excitement over La Follette was perfectly amazing. In the light of recent events, we can hardly be thankful enough that the latter has never been elected to the chief office of the Nation. Claquers were posted about, and a burly, long-haired man from Wisconsin howled in our ears for at least fifteen minutes, “La Follette! He’s all right! La Follette and the square deal!” Then Roosevelt’s picture was produced — “Four years more, Theodore!” Afterwards there came twenty minutes’ applause for Taft, and he finally was nominated by seven hundred votes.

Excitement continued in the air on Friday, for

no one knew who would be Vice-President. Fairbanks was out of the running, for his friend, Governor Hanly, had said in his speech that Fairbanks was a builder, not a destroyer, a remark which, we heard, made Roosevelt very angry. Consequently the administration did not wish him chosen for the office and decided instead upon Congressman Sherman. There was great enthusiasm for him, and he, too, received about seven hundred votes. So the convention of 1908 ended, and we were very happy at the way things had turned out.

CHAPTER V

Enter Mr. Taft

THE day of President Taft's inaugural had been preceded by some lovely warm spring weather, but that morning there swept over the city a terrible blizzard, one of the worst ever known in Washington. The snow lay deep on the ground and the wind howled. To make it worse, the Weather Bureau had predicted a fine day, and so of course no one was prepared for the sudden change. It did not seem possible that the procession could take place, but on the chance that it might our house party crowded into machines and ploughed over to the rooms we had engaged on the corner of Fifteenth Street and New York Avenue, where a good view of the Court of Honor and the long perspective of the street could be obtained.

While waiting for the procession, we made ourselves very comfortable in our rooms and passed the time playing cards, and looking out into the wind-beaten and slushy streets, and pitying the

poor shivering little fellows in the Philippine band that was playing just below us. They were inadequately clad in khaki uniforms with red-lined capes, and looked not only wet, but cold. We had engaged them to play at our reception the next evening, and could n't help wondering how many of them would be able to appear.

At last the moment of the procession arrived, and we all rushed to the windows to see — a closed carriage drawn by four horses, with some secret service men walking along on either side, — more like a funeral than anything else. That was all. Roosevelt, Taft, and Lodge were inside, we heard afterwards, but it might have been the Crown Prince of Siam for all we could see.

L. and a few of the party took a machine and drove to the Capitol on the chance of being able to hear the speaking. But because of the weather the arrangements had been changed and the oath of office was administered and the address delivered inside the building. "Nothing doing!" sang out a policeman, so back they came.

Undaunted, we ventured out once more into the storm, this time to go to the White House for luncheon. It was lucky we had motors of our

own, because people could n't hire conveyances for love nor money. Among the hundred or more guests were General and Mrs. Corbin, who had to come in from Chevy Chase in a farm wagon, so bundled up and so covered with snow that they looked like tramps, and had a hard time being admitted to the White House grounds.

The Vice-President, looking like a Methodist minister with his side whiskers, was the first to arrive from the Capitol and with him his sweet little wife. Then came the President and Mrs. Taft. It was the first time in history that the President's wife had accompanied him to the White House after the inauguration; this was because Roosevelt did not drive back with his successor according to the established custom.

Mr. Taft retired to a private room for tiffin, and then walked out onto the stand in the White House grounds to review the troops. After luncheon the guests took leave of Mrs. Taft at the dining-room door and followed onto the platform. Pennsylvania Avenue had been cleared of snow for the procession, and the sun came out, but the soldiers and horses looked cold and not very trig.

The train that carried the West Point cadets was stalled in the snow near Baltimore. With the meager supply of tools that were at hand, the cadets removed the snow and fallen telegraph wires from the track for a distance of thirty miles, thus clearing the line for countless storm-bound trains. Then the boys, arriving in Washington too late for the parade and in a state of exhaustion, nevertheless swung into the Avenue, marched past the reviewing stand, and returned to their cars, which started at once for New York. The Spartan-spirited student soldiers had supported their Commander-in-Chief in fine style, and without sharing any of the pleasure of the occasion.

Captain Devore, an old friend of ours who had just come up from Cuba with his troops, told us afterwards that owing to the confusion of the railways, he and his men had been obliged to camp in tents outside the city through that dreadful night and march into town the next morning. It was fortunate the railroad station was large and well heated, for fifteen thousand people spent the night there, stormbound.

For the Inaugural Ball that evening fifty-five

aides had been chosen from the different States and Territories. L., representing the District of Columbia, was one of these "beauties," as they were facetiously called, so he gave a dinner for them at the house before they went on duty. I peeped through the door and heard a few of the speeches.

Of course the aides had to be at the ball early, so we got there in time to watch the people arrive. Holding a red, white, and blue cord, they made a long aisle through the center of the hall, down which the President would walk. Roosevelt had had only a steel cord and a much shorter path. Owing perhaps to its length, Taft's progress was particularly impressive. Following the President and his wife — who looked the serious, clever woman that she is — came the Vice-President and Mrs. Sherman, and then the aides. Every one clapped and cheered. The party went up to the balcony floor and entered the red-and-gold presidential box, which was filled with relatives and friends, among whom we found ourselves included.

I can't say that the President seemed to enjoy the publicity very much; indeed, he looked un-

easy and as if he would rather not have had so conspicuous a seat as the huge, throne-like chair which had been placed for him. There was no mistaking him for the genial, level-headed man that we knew him to be, with plenty of room for brains in his fine big head; but he certainly seemed shy that night.

Most people were optimistic about the new executive, quite apart from their personal liking for him. He proved a man of fine honor and his administration was marked by many excellencies and few faults, by sound measures and good statesmanship. Having no desire to play to the gallery, he never considered whether his course of action would prove popular, but rather whether or not it would be the best thing for the country.

He had had Lincoln's motto framed and set up before his seat in the Cabinet room of the White House:

“If I were to try to read, much less answer, all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the very best I know how — the very best I can: and I mean to keep on doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against

me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

Taft's inaugural address blocked out his policies, not too confidently and not at all dramatically, but with an intelligent moderation. He began with the tariff, promised business stability (which after the panic of 1907 was reassuring), condemned false economy, especially at a time when the Government was facing a heavy deficit; he promised to continue the conservation of national resources, saving and restoring forests and improving waterways. Even then he foresaw the necessity of maintaining a proper Army and Navy and suitable fortifications, asking for an army so organized and officered that in a moment of emergency it could expand into "a force sufficient to resist all probable invasion from abroad and to furnish a respectable expeditionary force, if necessary, in the maintenance of our traditional American policy which bears the name of President Monroe."

Altogether it may be said that few Presidents ever made a more far-sighted and clear-headed address, and that none ever attempted to carry

out their policies with more sincerity and disinterestedness. He was particularly well fitted for the office, not only on account of his splendid record as judge, but also because of the executive experience gained while Governor of the Philippines and later as Secretary of War.

Mr. Taft was always wholesome and radiated geniality. He has a finely developed sense of humor which buoyed him up in the days of party adversity. One enthusiastic admirer wrote to him to ignore the slings and arrows of his enemies as history would accord him a place second only to Washington. With an expansive smile that cannot be reproduced in words, the President inquired, "Why lug in Washington?"

A daring independent newspaper in New York once disposed of Cleveland's qualifications editorially and ironically by the laconic statement, "he is a good man, weighing two hundred and sixty pounds." Now President Taft is and was a good man in every sense, and weighed even more than two hundred and sixty pounds, although he carried it well, having been from boyhood a great athlete. At Yale he was the champion wrestler, and throughout his later life he has taken long

daily walks, and, whenever possible, has indulged his taste for golf.

Mr. Taft and Mr. Root were known to be devoted friends; when the former went to the Philippines, he had a severe illness, and during the period of convalescence received a sympathetic inquiry from Secretary Root as to the state of his health. Taft cabled that he had sufficiently recovered to make it possible for him to take a long ride on his horse, to which Root replied by wire, "Fine! How's the horse?"

His affection for his aged aunt, Miss Delia Torrey, became a matter of general knowledge. She was a sterling character and her New England thrift delighted the President. One of his typical stories regarding her concerned a recipe for making drop cakes which she was asked to give to his sister-in-law. Aunt Delia specified the ingredients and proportions with painstaking detail, including a small quantity of lard, adding that if the cakes were being made "for company, use butter."

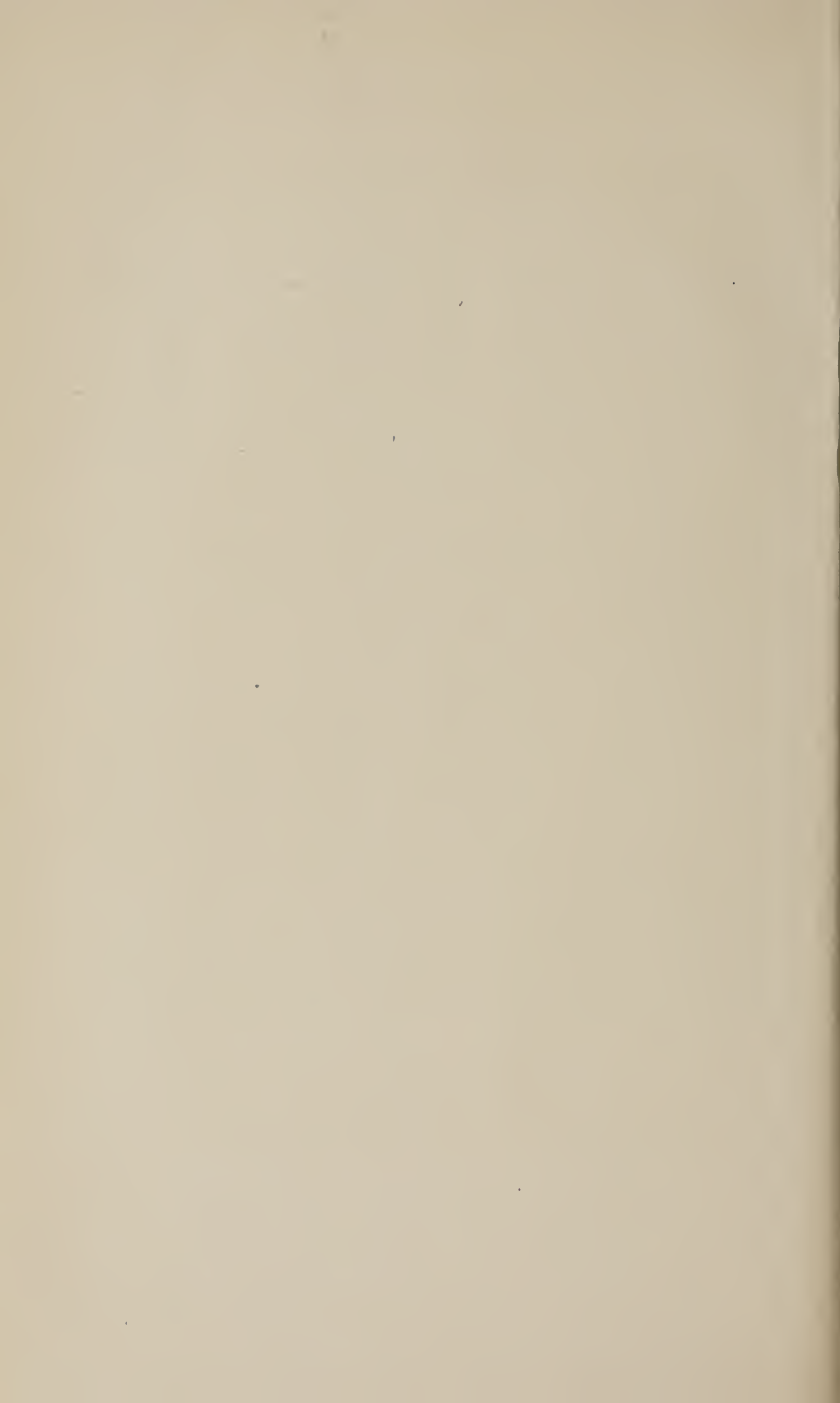
He always had a strong liking for General Edwards, who has lately become quite a prominent figure in New England. They tell a story about the two men which is worth repeating.



CAPTAIN ARCHIBALD BUTT



GENERAL CLARENCE R. EDWARDS



It seems that General Edwards, an active and progressive member of the Chevy Chase Club in Washington, was partially responsible for the design of the new club-house. When it was finished — a long, low structure of gray stone, of considerable beauty — the General tried to induce the President to go out and inspect it. Mr. Taft finally penalized the General for his persistency by a written statement — in which, unfortunately, the twinkle could not be transmitted — declaring that he regarded the new edifice as a splendid specimen of pure penitentiary colonial.

A house-painter once asked the President for an appointment to the Cabinet — preferably, he said, as Secretary of Commerce and Labor. Feeling unable to grant this request, Mr. Taft tried to soften his refusal by explaining that a Cabinet portfolio called for a big man, but the applicant retorted, much to Mr. Taft's delight, that if the President would appoint him to the position he would then be a big man!

There can be no doubt about the genuine regard which Mr. Taft felt for Colonel Roosevelt before the catastrophe which rent their relations and split a great political party. Their friend-

ship, begun in the Harrison administration, had ripened by long intercourse into a steady affection. Even after the schism, Taft delighted in commenting upon situations which he knew would appeal to the Colonel's sense of humor. He was sure that his old friend must have relished more than any one else the delightful story of the public dinner given in New York to Ambassador Straus upon his retirement when Mr. Roosevelt praised his public service and stated that before appointing him to his Cabinet he looked the country over for the fittest man, permitting no circumstance of race or creed, calling or location, to restrict or influence his selection. Mr. Straus, the colonel declared, was the outstanding man, and called to the Cabinet for that reason. A little later, so the story goes, Mr. Jacob H. Schiff got up to make a speech. But his hearing was not very acute, and not having caught what Mr. Roosevelt had said, he calmly announced that the President had written him that he had a vacancy in his Cabinet and would like to have him suggest some prominent Jew for the place, so he had proposed Oscar Straus, whose appointment had quickly followed. Taft knew that the

President would find the situation more laughable than embarrassing.

On March 5, the day after the Inaugural, I went to leave cards at the White House, and on reaching the steps, the President and his brother came out and greeted us, insisting that we should go indoors and have tea with Mrs. Taft. L. and I found her in the Red Room; it was the first time she had served tea in the White House and it was quite amusing, for "The First Lady in the Land" did not know where the bells were nor how the kettle worked.

Mrs. Taft told me that she had n't closed an eye the night before. They had occupied the room where the Prince of Wales — Edward VII — had slept. Besides the magnificent four-poster bed already there, she had had a brass bed put in for herself, and consequently the room did not look very well. In the middle of the night, as she lay there awake, she fell to thinking about it.

"Will, you know you are sleeping in the King of England's royal couch," she said at last; "but the room looks so badly — with different sized beds — shall we take out the King's and put in two small ones?"

“Oh, *darn* the beds,” the President answered sleepily: “take them or leave them, as you like, but go to sleep now!”

We had planned two receptions, one to be given the night of the 5th of March, the other on the 6th. Because of the storm, the telephone wires were down and notes were coming to me by the hundred — it seemed as if every one I had asked wanted to bring friends. It was a wonder the floors did n't collapse, for about four hundred people came to each reception.

As I had feared, most of the Filipinos had fallen ill with colds as a result of their exposure in the storm, but thirty of the eighty members of the band turned up and did the best they could, playing curious tunes that were weird, but captivating.

I received in the Key Room at the head of the stairs. The marble staircase was lined on either side with pots of bright flowers, echoing the colors of Villegas' “Triumph of the Dogaressa” at the landing. The Key Room — named from the Greek design of the marble floor — was especially appropriate for us to use on this occasion, because a panel between the windows shows a fresco of the pleasant Ohio Valley and the city of Cin-

cinnati, from which President Taft's family, as well as L.'s, had come.

The guests wandered about, had supper, and indulged in bridge. Among others the Italian Ambassador came, and the British Ambassador, the Danish Minister, and the Secretary of State, and the Governors of Massachusetts and New Hampshire with their staffs.

Alice Longworth, who likes to joke, went round saying: "Why, *you* here? This is the goat party — the swells are asked for to-morrow night!" She pretended to be piqued at not having been asked for the second reception. "If I had been the President's daughter," she told L., "you would have invited me to both parties!" But it was really a brilliant sight that night with the many uniforms, even if Cousin Alice did call it the goat party, and I think people enjoyed it.

To vary the second reception we had singing instead of the Philippine band. The singer, Mme. Gerville-Réache, arrived early, and startled me a little by her appearance as well as her powerful, deep voice; she was very dark, much powdered, and her flowers and curls nearly fell off in her dramatic interpretations. Janpolski sang some

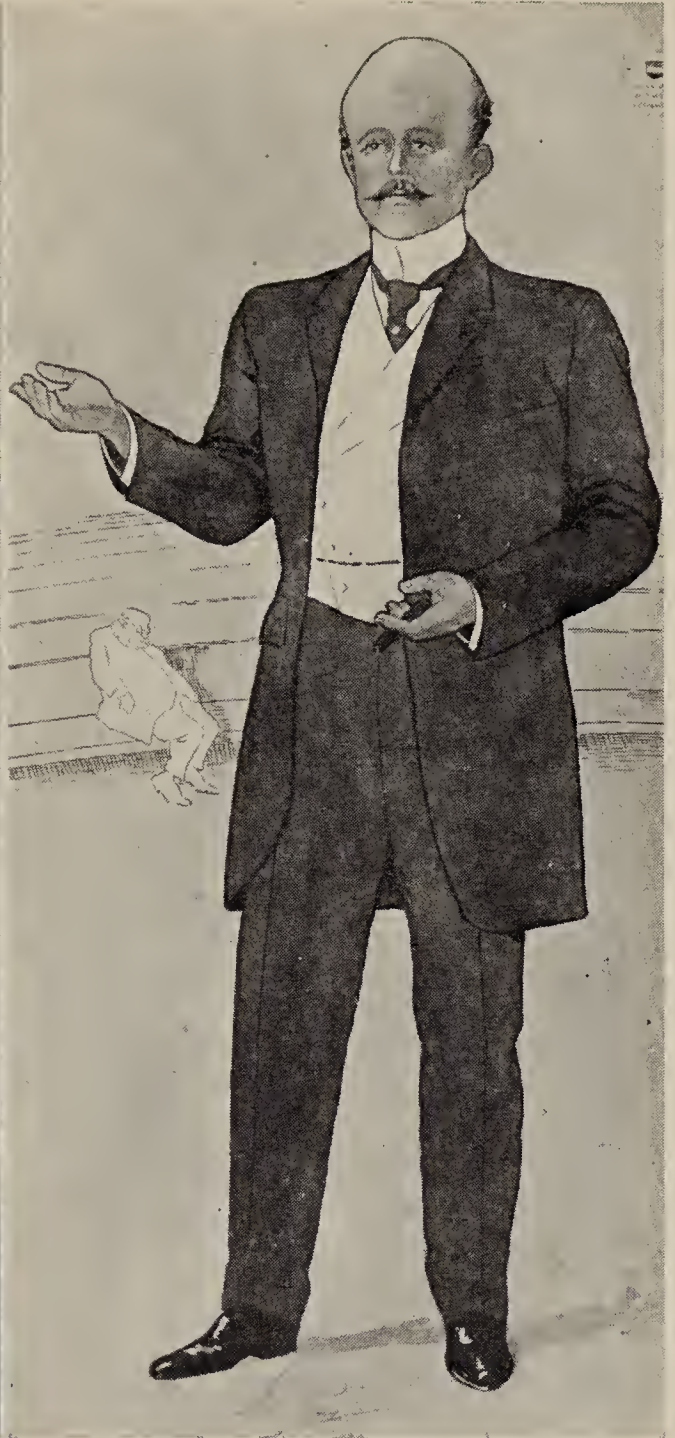
gay, strange Russian folk-songs. Among the guests on this occasion were many of the Taft family, and the President sent us a message thanking us for the entertainments we were giving in honor of the Inauguration.

The dinners in Washington that season were not only many and unusual, but some of them had a Bohemian flavor that was quite delightful.

For instance, there was a lively evening spent at the Alibi Club. The quaint little rooms, their walls covered with clever sketches, were filled with people and smoke. Mrs. Clarence Edwards received, and Mrs. Bourke Cockran and her sister sat on the floor and gave Samoan songs quite enchantingly. Mrs. Gibson, the artist's wife, also sang, and Nicholas Longworth played the violin, and there were many card tricks. The dinner took place, as usual, in the kitchen, where pots and pans adorned the walls. The cooking, of the good old Southern kind, was generally done by the members themselves; sometimes one of them bringing in a duck that he had shot, as a contribution to the menu. That night the table had a pond in the center with fish and boats and a



ANDREW J. PETERS



NICHOLAS LONGWORTH



lighthouse, while in a corner of the room was a tree on which perched an owl with illuminated, blinking eyes, and near by smiled the round face of a shining moon. To help make things even more lively the guests were supplied with snap crackers and confetti.

A series of political dinners followed. We attended one at Senator Brandegee's, where old Joe Cannon was full of his fight, and he and Aldrich talked as though they felt bitterly the criticism both had received. Aldrich said he had passed seventy and at the end of the term would refuse to run again; Cannon was seventy-four, and Gallinger a great-grandfather; but they were all as lively as young crickets. A suffragist discussed hotly the meeting of the night before when Taft had been hissed while giving the suffrage party a slight lecture. The French military *attaché*, Count de Chambrun, who had married a cousin, gave a small family dinner for the President at which Nicholas Longworth's conversation with Mr. Taft over some Ohio political troubles proved most absorbing.

Another was given for Vice-President Sherman and his wife at the Willard, with about a hundred

guests. Because Mr. Sherman had been on the Indian Committee, the center of the table represented a miniature plain with Indians and tepees. I sat next to the Secretary of Agriculture and learned a lot about farming. After dinner the men joined the ladies, and I talked with Postmaster-General Hitchcock, Attorney-General Wickersham, and Secretary of State Knox. They declared L. could have anything he wanted as a diplomatic post, but all politicians are such frauds that I refused to believe anything that I did not see in black and white.

The Cabinet dinner at the White House consisted of about thirty people. Mrs. Taft was unable to come down, but her youngest sister, Mrs. Laughlin, a very pretty and charming woman, took her place. The company consisted of the Cabinet and a few extra people like ourselves. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, went in with me and held forth upon his disapproval of football. I had a little talk with the President, and then, when the men had gone off to smoke and we were left in the big yellow and white ballroom, Mrs. Laughlin asked me to go with her and speak to each lady in turn.

Another time Mrs. Taft asked us to dine and chaperon her young house party at the theater. Their two big colored men took our coats when we arrived and ushered us into the Red Room, where a cozy fire was blazing. In a few minutes down came several young girls and boys, followed by their host and hostess. Dinner was announced, the President offered me his arm, and we marched into the dining-room; L. took in Mrs. Taft.

The President was genial and delightful, and we talked and capped stories about Unitarians, for both of us belong to that denomination, and I had a charming time. Later he took us to see the portrait that Sorolla was painting of him, which L. and I both thought very strong. Then the young people went with us to the theater, accompanied by Captain Butt, the White House aide, who was drowned on the Titanic. After the play they all came back to our house for supper and we opened the kitchen and made a Welsh rarebit and cooked eggs.

The kitchen is near the music room, and its white-tiled walls are hung with shining coppers. When we have a party there we all put on

aprons and begin by taking down the pans and walking round in a procession banging them and singing. Once when we were right in the midst of one of these lively frolics a bell rang and a White House aide appeared with the information that the President was outside in a motor and would like to come in. So L. and I went to the door, aprons and all, to receive him; he gave me his arm and walked straight out into the kitchen, where everybody set to work to make special dishes for him while he kept us in gales of laughter with his funny anecdotes. I wonder who ever had a President in her kitchen before?

A diplomatic reception at the White House was very like the others I had been to there, except that no line formed in the big ballroom, as had been done in Roosevelt's day, and you talked with any one you pleased. An amusing incident occurred when L. was taken for Mr. Wilkie, the Chief of the Secret Service. Later in the evening the Chief came up and introduced himself and the two men were really amazingly alike; he said he had been taken for L. many times. They exchanged photographs, and when the pictures came out in the papers a few days afterwards even



LARZ ANDERSON,
A DIPLOMAT

people who knew both the originals could not tell the difference between them.

At this reception, for some reason or other, the ministers were not supposed to go into the same room with the ambassadors and it caused a bit of discussion. The Spanish Minister grew quite irritated. He was the man who later stayed in Brussels throughout the war, looking after the interests of many legations besides his own. His career is especially remarkable because of the fact that he has been from birth an incurable cripple; our disabled soldiers would find his career worth studying.

Among others present were the Haitian Minister and his wife, both as black as teakwood and she wore a lovely low-necked blue satin gown. They were really the only unusual guests, however. Times had changed since the days when one could see at a presidential reception "rowdies, cab-drivers, belles, beaux, diplomats like the new discovered fossil, half golden lizard, half crested bird; last, but not least, a troop of Red Indians in war paint, with their best necklaces of bears' claws, come to honor the great father."

Although political entertainments predominate,

still other kinds are to be found in Washington. I went to a literary tea one afternoon and met some clever people who quoted extensively and made little *bon-mots*. They generally began a conversation with, "I am Maria Jones Smith Brown. Have you read my book?" As a rule I had n't, and kept wondering why it was that most authors have four names, but later we exchanged books with each other and had a delightful time, though the music played continuously and my head buzzed.

Washington is always holding congresses and conventions, and these are sometimes combined with banquets and plays. The medical convention at the New Willard was one of these. The doctors gave a play one year, much on the order of the Gridiron Club. A novel diversion was arranged, I heard, though I can't vouch for the story. The stage, a vari-colored and honey-combed affair, was supposed to represent the stomach of a member of the fraternity. When the curtain went up, Gastric Juice as host, dressed in green, welcomed first of all several lively characters representing cocktails, who slid down a ladder one after the other making some snappy

remarks while they danced about to gay music, kicking up a bit of a disturbance. They were followed by a slippery and gliding fellow, impersonating Soup; then Mr. Fish appeared, and after him portly old Roast Beef, who nearly broke the ladder as he came down heavily, one rung at a time. Thereupon entered a few frisky bottles of Champagne, and soon after the arrival of a curly green Salad, ill-feeling set in: disagreements were impending, and trouble was already under way by the time that Pink Ice-Cream, accompanied by a whole circle of little Frosted Cakes, tried to take possession. The other guests immediately combined against the new-comers, and the altercation became a fight. Gastric Juice, already worn out with trying to reconcile his obstreperous company, revolted, and to riotous music drove all the viands in rapid succession up the ladder and out as they had come, and fell flat upon the floor as the curtain came down amid cheers from the audience.

In several parlors during this convention something much more serious was going on, and you could pass from one room to another and learn about a new ailment in each. In the first

a doctor was describing, with the aid of lantern slides, the brain in different conditions; but it was pitch dark, and the slides looked exactly alike to me, so we did not stay long. Passing through to another room we found some one holding forth on consumption, and sat down at last in a third, where the subject was cancer. I wish I could remember the long, unpronounceable names they used. As to cancer—at the end of the discussion they seemed still at sea in regard both to its cause and its cure.

A woman's patriotic society was also holding a congress that spring in hotel headquarters, and they had a terrific battle, because either by intention or mistake the name of a candidate had been left off the ballot. After the morning meeting one of the women—small, fat, and energetic, with the dignity of a drum major—flounced about followed by a troop of supporters, tapping the ladies energetically with her fan and ordering them about. "I am Mrs. Dash of Dashville," she announced; "I own all the newspapers in my home town and most of the real estate. I put Congressman Blank in Congress." Later, when the convention was proceeding more

to her taste, she quieted down and became quite calm and happy.

Vice-President Fairbanks enjoyed telling the story of Mrs. Fairbanks in the chair at one of these conventions. He trained her in Parliamentary tactics for several weeks. One thing he stressed was the importance, in announcing the result of a vote, to say, "The ayes *seem* to have it," and await a challenge before sealing the verdict. Then, if no one asked for a roll-call or show of hands, to follow with the customary announcement, "The ayes have it." When Mrs. Fairbanks was confronted with a decision, he said she always put the cart before the horse by announcing, "The ayes have it"; and then, after a pause, modifying it by the precautionary announcement, "The ayes *seem* to have it."

I also had the pleasure of being present at a meeting of another society of that type. In this one Southern ladies predominated, and they were all more ladylike than businesslike. The president, a charming woman, kept peace and order and controlled her temper — which at times must have been difficult. The member whose guest I was belonged on many committees and was evi-

dently quite important. She rustled her papers constantly and explained so many things audibly that I was afraid the others would complain. But not at all. She was the one who got up and declared that there was so much noise she could not hear what the speaker was saying!

After the meeting she introduced some of the ladies to me, and generally got them pretty well mixed. "This is one of the vice-presidents," she said. "Not at all, Mrs. Smith, I'm the secretary," the lady corrected her. Undeterred, Mrs. Smith continued blandly, "This is a member from Maryland." "I'm sorry, but I come from Louisiana," whispered the second victim. "That lady is from Virginia, and she is descended from one of the presidents," remarked Mrs. Smith. "Kentucky, my dear — and no presidents, though Pocahontas was my ancestor," replied the lady.

That winter we went to the opening of the Pan-American Building, which is very beautiful both inside and out. President Taft made an extremely good speech as well as did Secretary Root. The Honorable John Barrett, who had had charge of the proceedings, thundered out his words in a most impressive manner. A South American Min-

ister also spoke, and he may have been very brilliant for all I know, but he was difficult to understand, for he put the wrong accent on some syllable of every word.

One day the President's daughter Helen motored over to the navy yard with us. She was seventeen at that time, a nice, intelligent girl without any frills but very popular, nevertheless, standing high in her class at Bryn Mawr, where she has since been made dean — the youngest dean of women in America, and now is at the head of that institution as acting-president.

At the yard, Captain Niblack, now Admiral, and since in command of the Mediterranean fleet during the Great War, received us on board the old Hartford, then a training ship, but once the flagship on which Farragut, lashed to the rigging, directed operations when the Federal fleet ran past the Confederate batteries at New Orleans. I was especially interested in her, because my father made his last cruise in her on the Pacific.

Not long after we had a small cotillion for Miss Taft, and before it, amused ourselves arranging the favors in the ballroom, among which were diverting little toys, presidential Billy Possums

that you could stick your fingers into and make the paws move very realistically, as well as night lamps, and tall gilt poles with tinsel stars. About a hundred and fifty young people attended. As midnight approached, the lights were turned off and the electric stars and the tiny gleaming lamps made quite a fairy scene.

Robert Taft was a fine, manly fellow, of exceptional scholarship — very intellectual, as indeed are all this family. When we went to New Haven for the Harvard-Yale baseball game, we made a call on him in his quarters three flights up. In the hall outside of his door was a box with some bottles and an inscription in big letters, "Yale's Water Wagon." His room was much like other students' rooms. It looked out on a green square, had a lounge and some easy-chairs; his mother's picture stood on a small table, and a couple of society emblems adorned the mantel.

Going out once more, we found a bright, gay scene, graduates sauntering about the yard in fancy costume with pretty girls looking their very best. Young Taft lunched with us, and then our party set out for the baseball grounds, getting there quite early. The ticket-taker at the main entrance



REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM SHEFFIELD
COWLES



COMMANDER (NOW REAR-ADMIRAL)
ALBERT P. NIBLACK

remarked, "Your seats are at the end of nowhere," but we were glad of it for they proved to be at the end of the field, where the different classes marched in. First came '84, wearing long gray beards; then '89, who had refused to put on comic attire, declaring they were too old and dignified; L.'s brother-in-law, Philip McMillan, headed the procession of '95, with the biggest and noisiest band of all; the members of that class were dressed in blue and khaki. One class wore Pierrot costumes; another came as gondoliers in blue and white carrying oars; the little Dutch boys were wildly applauded, but the pirates were the best of all, in purple and gold with earrings, necklaces, and knives. They disported themselves everywhere over the place, and all the bands played at once, and a medley of different songs came from various parts of the field.

At last the baseball nines appeared and the game started, going on very evenly until the fifth or sixth inning; then Yale made one home run after another, and Harvard got rattled and made only one run against Yale's four, which we considered very sad. But our Yale brother rejoiced.

CHAPTER VI

Sundry Visitings and Visitations

THE weather became first springlike and then summery, and then a little too summery. Washington had grown very warm when we packed up and went off to Winterture, New Jersey, to visit Senator Dupont. His place seemed to me one of the most beautiful in America. To be sure, it had no view to speak of, but the trees were old and large, and the walks and drives through the estate lovely. The dogwood trees were laden with flowers, pink as well as white, like drifting snow in a sunset. The Italian garden, with its fountain, was small, but exquisitely laid out, and the combination of flowers really unusual.

Lots of interesting people were there, not the least striking of whom was our host, very distinguished-looking and showing in his bearing the traditions of his French ancestry. Mr. Winthrop, then Secretary of the Navy, and Judge and Mrs. Davis, were present; the Judge was the man whom everybody had urged to run on the Dem-

ocratic ticket for the presidency a few years before. A foreign naval *attaché* turned up and spent a profitable Sunday telling naughty stories to all the old maids.

Mr. John Barrett, who had done most creditable work in behalf of the South American republics, took me canoeing on the Brandywine. He had never been in a canoe before, and you would have laughed to see us zigzagging down the stream. We had to walk home, and got lost, and so now I know all about the time when he was Minister to Siam.

Reluctantly we had to bring our delightful visit to an end and continue our journey to Brookline, where guests were expected. It was pleasant to be back once more in our cozy home, filled with big bluebells and tall snapdragons, and to be greeted with a "Halloa" by the cross macaw as she spread her beautiful blue and yellow wings, and by Fluff and Jap, who barked at each other and wagged their little white tails for us.

One of our most celebrated guests at that time was Ambassador Bernstorff. He knew the Anglo-Saxons well, having lived in England and being married to an American, and was much liked so-

cially. Although I always felt that in spite of his agreeable manners he was insincere, yet I did like him, and can't help hoping that he disliked the disgraceful duty he was doing for his Fatherland, and the treachery against the country where he had so many friends. I am thankful to say that while with us he never asked to see or to meet any one who could possibly have been a fellow conspirator, nor to be taken to any places of special significance.

A diverting occurrence of that summer was a day's entertainment which we planned for a club of West End boys, and which turned out to be a day's entertainment for us. Nothing failed to captivate them from the moment they crossed the threshold. The smaller children were amused at the leaden images of Chinese genii, so different from the fairies of our Western fancy. One, whose name was Li Tieh Kuai, possessed a gourd containing magical medicines that would cure every kind of illness except the wound on his own leg, which he was never able to remedy. Another of the magicians held a sword, another an emerald, a fife, and so on. The children were quite thrilled to hear that the genii could cross any sea simply

by putting their treasures beneath their feet and walking over the water.

The older boys were delighted with some of our Philippine trophies — head-axes, bolos, and a kriss or two, which we had obtained on a trip among the head-hunters of Luzon; and with a wooden dancing hat carved in an absurd frog design, the totem of a Siwash Indian in Alaska. They roamed about, taking in everything, and asking innumerable questions.

A youngster of ten was moved to write the following description of his day with us, which came out in a paper not long afterwards:

“Was we out to Larz Anderson’s swell joint to-day? I should say we was. Why, we was the guests and had all them servants standing on their heads for us.

“Yep, it had all other days skun forty ways. Why, there has been so much to see and do that I’ve been dizzy with it all day. What did we do first? Well, our three clubs — Good Fellowship, Good Friendship, and Excelsior — all met at the West End House at half past nine and loafed around there an hour while the slow ones woke up and drifted in, and then we took the car for

Jamaica Plain. We walked up to the house from Center Street, although Mr. and Mrs. Anderson wanted to send carriages and buzz wagons for us, but our superintendent, Mitch. Freeman, thought that was asking too much and so we walked, although I would have ridden all right if I had been super.

“A man met us at the barn with a lot of bats and balls and gave 'm to us and said we could play in a great big field they had chopped the grass off special for us. After we had lined out a few, a great big French auto came round and we all had rides in that, and then they let us ride some swell horses. We got to passing the balls round again pretty soon, and then some one said we'd got to go to dinner. They did n't have to say it twice, you bet, 'cause we was awful hungry, specially me, I guess.

“And you oughter of seen that feed. Chicken and tongue and everything that you pipe in the windows of swell lunch joints, and ice-cream more than I ever see before. Just like Heinz's pickles, they was so many kinds.

“After everybody had eaten all they could, and Willie Freeman had been rubbed for the stomach

ache, Mrs. Anderson said, 'Let's go to the gardens.' We went kinder slow 'cause nobody felt as if he could walk fast so soon after that dinner, and went up places all covered with roses, and a guy who went with us pointed out lots of spots in the city we could see from the hill. The gardens was fine, all right, but I liked the bowling game they showed us on the grass pretty good. You had these big balls to roll at another ball, and everybody pitched in and done it. Nick Mazur won, 'cause he hit the other ball the most times, but I bet I could beat him at it again.

"We all went into the house again, and there was one of them fellers that make fake noises and make you believe it is something what it ain't. He made noises like a horn, and a trombone, and sawing wood, and a dog barking, and piles of other things, and they sounded just like the real article, and Jimmy Downey pretty near yelled when the feller made a noise what he said was a laughing hyena under Jimmy's chair.

"We looked round the house all we wanted, and there were men with brass buttons on standing everywhere. Private cops, I guess. They waited on us at dinner. One of 'em was named Cork,

'cause I heard Mrs. Anderson keep calling him that. It was getting pretty late in the afternoon and we all wanted another game of ball before we went, so we went down in the field and stayed the rest of the time.

“Mrs. Anderson came down with us and watched us all the while. When we went she told us to come to the barn and she gave us each a bouquet of flowers picked from the Italian gardens, and a plant in a pot, too.

“We all stood up and cheered for her and Mr. Anderson, who was away, and the superintendent of the grounds, and the stable men who used us so white, and the boys who led the horses we rode, and our super and his assistants, and a lot of other people. Then Mitch. shook hands with Mrs. Anderson and said, ‘In behalf of my boys I want to thank you for the delightful time you have given them,’ and his assistants shook hands, too, and said the same thing, and we all marched away to the cars. Yep, it was the finest day ever!”

“Weld” garden, as I have said, is on a hilltop overlooking the city and the sea, and at different times — usually when the crimson rambler roses are in bloom and overrun the balustrades —

we have thrown it open to the public for purposes of charity. Once a Persian pageant was given on the place, arranged by Mr. Joseph Lindon Smith, when Orientals on Arabian horses roamed across the hill, while groups in gay turbans and huge trousers stopped and posed among the big willows that surround the little pond down by the amphitheater. Another time he gave a fairy play on rafts and boats on the water, which reflected all the color and movement of the actors, the audience watching the performance from the pink Italian bridge. Miss Charlotte Porter also arranged a most enchanting scene on the beach by the pond. Among huge pink and white shells, under soft gray moss trailing from the branches, dryads and water nymphs sang and danced to far-away strange music that was wafted on the wind and seemed to sigh through the trees.

I shall never forget an incident that occurred the afternoon when this last play was having its dress rehearsal. It had been a peculiarly difficult day, for several members of a Japanese mission had arrived for luncheon, and as L. was in town, I had to entertain them alone, which was not easy because they spoke very little English.

Afterwards, when we went out into the Italian garden, L. appeared on the scene with some Chinese gentlemen whom he had met in the city and brought out for tea. At that time relations between the Japanese and Chinese were even more strained than usual; my husband and I exchanged appalled glances as we realized the embarrassing situation.

But we immediately forgot that in something still worse, for up from the water garden at the foot of the hill came trooping a host of nymphs and dryads, clad in scanty and diaphanous robes, with bare arms and legs and flying hair. What on earth would our dignified guests from the Far East think of that? To tell the truth, I never knew exactly what were their sensations, but one thing is certain — they all became so much interested in the girls that they forgot their international differences and were very nice and polite to each other and everybody else!

June came warm and bright that year, and we went on Roxana down to New London for the Harvard-Yale races, anchoring upstream by the flags that marked the finish. The Thames was clear sapphire between the high green banks.



DANCER IN MISS PORTER'S PLAY AT WELD, 1916

There were magnificent big black yachts and white ones, houseboats and sailing craft, and even small canoes. The excitement over the 'Varsity race was intense — the cheering on shore could be plainly heard. The observation train had left, the crew had started, the people along the bank began to run, and the boats to whistle. Harvard was ahead — no, impossible to tell — yes, it really was Harvard! And so on, until through the glasses it was decided that Harvard positively had the lead; then, could she hold it? Yes, she did, and on she came, and finished, the winner by six lengths. After it was all over the Harvard crew pluckily rowed with more or less spirit to their quarters and then some of them jumped into the water for a swim. Six races won by Harvard in two days — never had such a thing been known before!

As the great race ended, there came a deafening blast of toots and whistles and sirens — sounds that later in Paris were to be a familiar part of the night hours, as warnings of approaching air raids. The rush of boats to get their passengers ashore was bewildering — tugs turning this way and that and sometimes colliding, the buzz of engines, the

splash of water, the waving of flags, and cheerful greetings from one craft to another. Far off, in the distance, like two great crawling serpents on either side of the river, crept the observation trains, crowded with cheering people.

Later, in the silence of the night beneath the moon, with the bright colored lights shining from the yachts, we could still hear the shouts of "Rah, rah, rah, Harvard!"

From New London we started the next day on Roxana for Newport, steaming along the bare sandy coast past Watch Hill with its many cottages, leaving on our port a gray and wave-washed wreck perched upon a reef, to tell its tale of disaster. A torpedo boat destroyer hove to on the starboard; we exchanged friendly greetings with the lightship keeper, and a yacht flitting by hailed us to ask if we had seen a lost sailor in a small boat anywhere on our trip. Tugs puffed along drawing coal barges which splashed heavily amid circling and squabbling seagulls. Roxana too danced and rocked, and we held on while the inkstand slipped off and cavorted across the cabin and the Victrola jumped solidly to the floor. After rounding Point Judith with gay Narragansett

Pier in the distance, the cliffs of Newport loomed up, the spray dashing against them, the bell buoys ringing and moaning. We entered the familiar harbor of Newport just as the sun, a ball of fire, hid behind the dark houses on the torpedo station, while black clouds gathered over the town and lightning zigzagged through the sky.

After a brief stay in Newport, we steamed back through the Sound to New York and cruised slowly up the harbor, past the big ocean liners, their steerage crowded to the very gunwales with dark-faced and bright-kerchiefed immigrants, looking hopefully up to where the Statue of Liberty lifted her torch on high.

While in New York I had the good luck to be of a party that lunched at Ellis Island with the Commissioner of Immigration. Every detail was of such vital significance that if I had my choice I should rather be Commissioner of Immigration than President of the United States!

We were admitted to the private office where he sat at his desk with his old-maid clerk opposite. With his firm mouth and the kindly twinkle in his blue eyes he looked just the man for the place. He explained that the cases which came before

him had been through two or three sieves already and the court had decided that the people must be returned to their countries, but they were making one final appeal to him.

“I use my best judgment, but of course I must make mistakes sometimes. There are several reasons for keeping immigrants out — if they are mentally or physically disabled, or old and likely to become state charges, or, of course, children under sixteen who have no friends; then, too, women who come here without relatives are often returned.”

At this point the interpreter ushered in a miserable stunted Polish Jew. The Commissioner looked over his papers. “You say you have been in America before; when did you first come?”

The Jew hesitated, evidently frightened. The interpreter repeated the question in the man’s native tongue, and at last he answered, “Five years ago.”

“How long did you remain here?”

“Two years.”

“You were here two years, and yet you can’t speak English?”

“A leetle,” the man muttered.

“Where did you work?”

“New York.”

“What street?”

The Jew looked bewildered, but finally answered, “Bleecker Street.”

The Commissioner said to us, aside, “They often lie; this man has probably never been in New York.” Turning to him again he asked, “Name some other streets in New York.”

The Jew became pretty nervous by this time, but he did succeed in remembering several.

“That will do. I believe he’s telling the truth, after all. He may have been all right five years ago when they let him in, but the doctor’s papers say he is in very poor physical condition now, and he certainly looks a miserable specimen. He goes back. Send in the next.”

Entered an Italian family — father, mother, and eight children. A few questions, and their case had been decided.

“It’s no use bothering with them. They have no friends here. The father and mother are both broken down in health, they have only twenty-four dollars between them, and there are eight children, all under sixteen years of age. Ship them

back. It is time to stop such people — the steamship agents are so tricky, and they send such poor creatures. I am returning six per cent this month, to give the agents a good lesson and let them know I am cleaning up this place. By the way, I've already caught two or three officials stealing from these poor, ignorant people."

The next appeal was interesting, showing up as it did the frauds which steamship agents would perpetrate whenever they got a chance. The immigrant was a German, and the court had thought the case an agents' trick. Turning to the man he asked in German, "Who gave you the money to come over?"

"It was my own; I saved it," the man answered.

"Have you friends here?"

"Children."

"Going to them?"

The man did n't answer.

"Don't you understand? You're German, are n't you?"

The immigrant nodded. "To a friend first."

"Is it an old friend of yours you plan to go to? What's his name?"

“Yes, old friend — name written on paper.” He tried to get it out of his pocket, but the Commissioner interrupted.

“Do you mean to say you don’t know your old friend’s name? Who gave you that address?” he demanded sternly; “where did you get it?”

The man faltered, “Got it in Europe.”

“Bremen?”

“Yes.”

“Who gave it to you?”

The German, staring stupidly at him, refused to answer.

“It was a ship’s agent,” accused the Commissioner: “Was his name Louis Strauss?”

The immigrant admitted that it was; and it eventually came out that he had neither friend nor children in New York, and that the agent had put him up to the whole thing. The Commissioner said he was tired of this agent business, and instructed his clerk to make a note of the case.

“I suppose you think I’m hard on them,” he went on; “of course they are pretty well frightened by the time they reach me — it is a long ordeal for them. At first they are so happy to reach shore after the trip, all huddled together in

the hold of the steamer, that the land seems very pleasant. They think it is a new and wonderful country where they are soon going to live in palaces and dress like kings. Their sacks of household things rest lightly on their shoulders as they walk ashore, laughing and chattering gayly. But when they disembark, they are driven like cattle into pens, and families are sometimes divided — that is unfortunate, but necessary — and doctors turn their eye-lids inside out, and ask the most personal questions. It is hard for them, but we have to get at things. Criminals are difficult to detect — often, even if they are suspected, we can't get evidence enough to detain them; in that case they are watched by detectives, and they can be shipped back if they are caught within three years."

I made another bit of social service investigation, when, returning to Boston some time after this, a friend and I visited the Tombs on Beacon Hill where women under suspicion are detained overnight. The cells are small, dark, smelling rankly of disinfectant, and quite bare except for a couch. So many of the women who are shut up in them are intoxicated that nothing, except

what is easily cleaned, can be allowed. There was only one inmate that afternoon, young and fairly good-looking, though in a more or less intoxicated condition, who was said to have been there three times before. The attendants, a matron, her assistant, and a bookkeeper, took a humane interest in their charge, and talked kindly to her as they wrote down her record. Indeed, they stood up for their prisoners as if they had been naughty children of their own whom they loved. I do not believe in pampering prisoners but certainly better accommodations are greatly needed with larger and more airy cells and with improved sanitary conditions.

From there we went to another old building, the Charles Street Jail. Here the prisoners await trial. The deputy sheriff said that in its day it had been well constructed and well planned. Nevertheless, he pointed out several things that need alteration because of changing conditions. The prison is surrounded by a wall; the office is at the entrance gate, but it is too small for a reception-room, and visitors are obliged to wait in the large yard, even in the rain. Prisoners as well are brought through this yard and up a flight of stairs

into the jail itself, a circular building with much glass and iron bars.

Inside I saw tier upon tier of barred cells with iron floors and steps. The whole place was clean and airy — a great improvement over the Tombs — and the cells contained nicely made beds. The kitchen was neat and the food good. In the past only stews were given to the prisoners, but the sheriff had had baking arrangements put in, so that a variety of food could be served to the inmates.

In the jail itself there are absolutely no sanitary arrangements, nor is there any infirmary, so if the prisoners are ill or badly wounded, they have to be taken to the City Hospital, though light cases can be treated in their cells by a nurse. This situation is being remedied, for part of the sheriff's house, which is connected with the jail, is now being built over to accommodate nursing wards.

When we entered the main hall we saw scrubbing it two nice-looking boys in prison garb, who the sheriff said were brothers, and both in for manslaughter. They were apparently allowed a certain freedom, but in the murderer's row, which we next visited, were at least twelve men, locked

in cells — in some cases two in a cell. I asked why, and was told that they were lonely and had wished to be put in with some one. In answer to another inquiry, we were told that they might be spoken to, and stopping before two occupants, a sweet and devout lady who was with us remarked, "Poor souls — caged like animals!" and then asked if the prisoners had a Bible, and reminded them gently about religion. At this, one of the men, a powerful, great creature, who looked like a butcher and had red hair and a shining gold tooth, laughed and winked at me. It was all I could do to keep my face straight.

At another cell I lingered because the prisoner appeared a mere boy, and asked what had brought him there. He answered, "I am in here because I was with some folks who stole a motor, and when the policeman tried to arrest us, one of the men shot and killed him." Then he added indignantly, "I did n't do the shooting, and they all know I did n't, so I'm not afraid at all but what I'll get off."

We were next taken to see a prisoner who had formerly been a dentist, and because he volunteered to do the dentistry for the jail, he had a

cell and an office all to himself. His story was that he had been in love with a lady of fortune, but she thought he had not been faithful to her, and in her anger had accused him of taking much of her money.

Since I had visited the place especially to see the conditions under which the women lived, the sheriff said they might gather round the long table where they had their meals. There might have been thirty or more, and I was surprised, as I talked to them, to find that the majority were English and Irish, middle-aged, and most of them in for drunkenness. One woman was crying. "How long have you been here?" I asked. "Just came drunk again," she sobbed. Several prisoners said that they had sons in the army. Indeed, I am sorry to say that in the men's quarters several of the prisoners were in uniform. Of the women there were only three who could be called young, and one of these had dyed hair and admitted cheerfully that she was "gay," and had been in jail more than once. A second had been with the boy in the motor party when the policeman had been killed. A third looked as if she were of a better class, and for some reason

was not in prison garb. I was astonished to have her say to me that she had read my last book, and felt very badly to meet me under such conditions for the first time. Later I was told that she had been a college girl and had stolen from her classmates.

The sweet little lady with us suggested prayers and hymns and some patriotic songs, and the prisoners joined in enthusiastically. As we distributed the books and candy and said good-bye, all the women thanked us and said that they had enjoyed having us come. We hoped we had, at least, given them a few cheerful moments.

What a jumble the spring and summer had been — a mixture of fêtes, and new faces, masque, pageant and game, and that thought-provoking visit to Ellis Island, the new families and the old, the Americans and the about-to-be Americanized, and last of all, the pathetic failures of our land, who for their own safety and that of the world, were living out their empty lives behind iron bars. One wondered what it all meant.

CHAPTER VII

Cruising and Campaigning

WE had the good fortune to be invited to join the presidential party for the trip to New York at the time of a big naval review. Motoring down to the North Shore in the moonlight, at Singing Beach, Manchester-by-the-Sea, we found Dr. Grayson with a boat from the *Mayflower*. Eventually the President and Mrs. Taft appeared. There was still a delay, however, in getting on board, because the Filipino valet had not come with the President's clothes; when he finally did make his appearance and Mr. Taft asked him what the trouble was, he blandly answered, "Horse very slow!"

President and Mrs. Taft had two large state-rooms with accommodations nearby for their valet and maid. Some smaller cabins usually reserved for guests, a good-sized dining-room, and a library made up the rest of the ship's quarters.

Our first destination was Naushon Island, the

home of Governor Forbes of the Philippines. Off Cape Cod an impenetrable fog closed in upon us, and the captain slowed down and finally stopped, sending a wireless to the Governor about the situation, adding that the yacht would come as soon as possible. We were expected for luncheon, but did not arrive till about four that afternoon. The President, Mrs. Laughlin, Major Rhoades, and Lieutenant Little played bridge most of the day, while the rest of us sat about and talked, while fog-horns boomed near and far and the bell buoys tolled.

Governor Forbes came out in a launch and boarded the *Mayflower*, and then all went ashore together, going through the dangerous "Hole" to our landing-place. Belonging to the Forbes family are several islands, which look bleak on the shore-line, but in the interior have colossal oaks and beeches, at that season just turning superb scarlet and yellow. Naushon, the largest of the group, seemed like a mysterious ghost island in the lifting haze as we drove through the sunset glow among the golden red woods until the twilight crept upon us.

Next morning some of us put on riding-clothes;

they gave me a nice Western pony, and we galloped off to the great oak which was to be named "Taft." The Forbes clan from different parts of the island gathered about the tree, and Mr. Taft's name was cut deeply in the bark. I expected at least poetry, or a speech, or a bottle of champagne broken over the huge trunk — some slight ceremonial — but nothing happened. We rode back as we had come, through the blue and gold haze. The twilight mystery of the night before had vanished, and the Mayflower sailed away with a blazing sun on the sparkling sea.

On awaking the next day we found ourselves entering New York Harbor. The band struck up a gay tune, the crew — all spick and span — stood at attention, and the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Meyer, came on board with a great deal of ceremony and was received by the President. The Governor of New York, some ribboned diplomats, and uniformed officials followed, until about forty, I should think, had boarded the yacht. Then the Mayflower steamed up the Hudson while the huge drab leviathans on either side fired the presidential salute of twenty-one guns. The roar of the cannon was deafening. When



Mister ALDRICH-
Deer zur,
PLeeze raise THE bozz's SALery OR
eLz PUT Golf cLUBz ON THE free List
jimmIE the Caddie

PRESIDENTIAL GOLF



the *Mayflower* had reached the end of the line we all had luncheon and then steamed back again. There were one hundred and thirty ships in the fleet, — among them my godchild, the *Perkins*, — and of these thirty-two were large battleships, all of whose keels had been laid during Republican administrations.

That evening the President and some of the party went ashore early for the big navy dinner that was to come off at the Astor. The rest of us — Mrs. Taft, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Dr. Strong, L. and I — dined on the yacht and later went to the hotel. There Miss Helen Taft joined us, and all the women sat in a box overlooking a long raised table shaped like a ship's deck, with a painting of sea and clouds for a background. In the center sat the President, surrounded by Mayor Gaynor, Mr. Meyer, Admiral Osterhaus, in command of the fleet, Secretary Hitchcock, Attorney-General Wickersham, and a number of others. A line of boxes was filled with ladies and the floor itself was covered with small tables for the officers. Mr. Taft made an admirable speech; three or four others also spoke, and there were songs and an orchestra. In response to the cheer-

ing for Mrs. Taft, she stood up in the box and bowed very sweetly.

It was while we were at this dinner that the terrible news reached us that ex-President Roosevelt had been shot. The fear of another assassination was in the air, and not the least exciting part of the evening was the drive back in the President's car, with police on motor-cycles ahead and behind, and secret service men hanging on to each side of the motor. We whirled at breakneck speed through the streets, while the people scattered to right and left, some cheering and waving. Although pretty tired when we reached the Mayflower, we sat about and talked it all over till the President fell asleep in his chair.

The next day L. and I said good-bye, joined Roxana, and continued up the Hudson to land at Catskill for a ninety-mile drive across the rolling lowlands, up through the splendid Clove with its steep road and cascading river and thickly studded trees. Coming to the high plateau we turned, passing by the Kaaterskill Hotel on its bare eminence, and went on to make a brief stop at the Old Mountain House. At the end of a corridor we came out suddenly on that rim of

the palisade with the sublime view below and beyond us, where five States can be seen stretched out like a blue-green map with the silver Hudson winding across it. Back again into the mountains we motored and stopped by a diminutive stream, where we had a basket luncheon, and then returned another way down the sides of the Windham Mountain, coasting for miles with a vast panorama stretching to the Green Mountains and the Berkshires. Down, down, down we went until, late in the afternoon, we reached the Roxana at Catskill.

Cruising slowly southward we came into the Pass between Storm King and the other great heights that rise so magnificently against the horizon at this part of the Hudson and make West Point one of the most wonderfully situated places in the world. We tied up to the dock and drove to headquarters, where the superintendent, an old friend, gave us an orderly to act as cicerone and show us the various buildings. These rise imposingly from the river up the sides of the palisades, all designed in great castle style, with an immense riding-hall and administrative building, and dominated at the highest point by the chapel, really

solemn and fine in its effect. The cadets, who were under canvas, formed and marched to their dinner, and we watched new plebes at their drill, and then drove out to the upland cemetery, overlooking the country, to visit Uncle Robert Anderson's tomb and memorial fountain.

Late in the afternoon Roxana continued down the splendid reaches of the Hudson till she dropped anchor for the night, and then next morning went on as far as Ardsley, where we took the train to New York and then to Washington.

One day the President sent word through General Edwards asking if L. would like a diplomatic post, which seemed suitable as L. had previously passed through all the lower grades as second Secretary of Legation and Embassy, then first secretary and chargé d'affaires, having been for over seven years in the service. A little later the President said, when my husband was calling on him, that he had hoped to send him to Turkey, as Minister, but it had n't worked out. (Thank Heaven it had n't!)

More time passed, and the President again sent for him. Mr. Taft was very cordial and jovial and inquired whether L. thought Belgium would prove

interesting. He said that he had always felt a strong attachment for us, almost as if we were members of his family, and that he appreciated our loyalty. Then he asked if L. was acquainted with any of the Senators on the Foreign Relations Committee, and as he did know quite a number, after a little further talk — there were all sorts of people crowding outside and inside to see the President — L. left to go to the Capitol. The chairman of the committee, Senator Cullom, to whom he presented himself, was very kind, and told L. that he would see that everything went through all right. Lodge — who still looked the scholar even though he was in his shirt-sleeves that afternoon — also promised to take care of the nomination. Root said nice things, too, and Burton, another member of the committee, appeared to coincide; in fact, they all seemed to approve warmly of his appointment as Minister to Belgium.

So eventually it came about that we went to Brussels to live. When I again returned to America on a visit, President Taft was nearing the end of his term.

The Republican Convention of 1912 was to be

held shortly in Chicago, so I went out there, with every hope of a second term for him.

This time I stayed with friends at the Blackstone Hotel and cabled my husband in Brussels all the news I could gather. Rumors were flying about. The Taft people felt they had more than enough votes, but others declared that both sides lacked twenty of the requisite number. It was thought there might be two conventions carried on in the same hall, with the Roosevelt supporters bolting.

Tuesday morning, June 18, we went to the Coliseum for the first opening session. There was no marching nor singing, but a sort of grim silence. Nobody seemed to know exactly what would happen. Senator Borah who, they said, wished to be Vice-President, made a good opening speech, and matters began to warm up.

Flynn, of Pennsylvania, looked out actively for Roosevelt's interests, but Hadley, the young Governor from Missouri, proved his most successful supporter. The temporary chairman was a clever little Jew, Victor Rosewater, the son of a newspaper man. Watson, of Indiana, tall and gaunt, making one somehow think of Lincoln, directed affairs.

Various surprises occurred. Hadley, not getting a chairman that suited his side, — Roosevelt did not want Root under any consideration, — switched suddenly to McGovern of Wisconsin. Then La Follette refused to have anything to do with either Taft or Roosevelt! The voting was very close, but Root won as permanent chairman after a stormy battle, and he made a brilliant speech as he took the chair. Notwithstanding all this, a good many felt at this juncture, not only that Roosevelt might get the nomination, but also his third term. We were rather discouraged, but kept on singing Taft's campaign song:

“ Bill Taft is the man to engineer his plan,
 Valiant in word and in deed;
 While he is at the helm no storm can overwhelm,
 For he 'll stand by the Ship in its need.
 Shout then for Taft, he is on the safest craft,
 Working for the right and for YOU,
 ‘ Bull Moose ’ may blow, Woodrow Wilson he may row,
 But 't is Billy puts the ‘ Old Ship ’ through.”

Wild rumors were circulated that there might be bloodshed, and probably there would be a deadlock. The thousands of people were orderly enough, Wednesday, though perhaps the four hundred police and sergeants-at-arms who were

remorselessly on duty had something to do with it. Every one was given fair play, and the Roosevelt people had a long rope in which they became entangled and presently hanged themselves. But meanwhile the crowd was wildly enthusiastic — whenever T. R.'s name was mentioned there ensued a pandemonium of cheers, whistles, beating of drums, clanging of cymbals, and noisy roaring. A girl — as somebody said, the undertaker's daughter — waved his portrait from the platform. One wild enthusiast declared he was "the greatest living American of this age or any age!" As George Ade remarked, "The oratory came down in Niagaras!"

I had a fight with a man from Ohio who sat behind me; he ended by patting me, saying benignantly that he intended now to vote for suffrage, and then he subsided. There was a suffragist among the delegates, by the way, and it happened that her name also was Isabel.

Thursday I was not able to attend the convention. But echoes of the excitement, now at a high pitch, reached me. A band carrying T. R.'s picture aloft played a funeral dirge through the streets. It was said that New York would not



M. L. S.,
1910

Nickel's dilemma

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH'S DILEMMA

Drawn by Mrs. Bellamy Storer

stand for Hughes, but some hoped it would, as there was so little enthusiasm for Taft.

Against all this turbulence was set the candidacy of President Taft, with his quiet patience, his hard work, his able and conscientious record, his deliberate speech, and thoughtful argument. It was logic versus noise, but the brains were on the Taft side and Roosevelt was outgeneraled. In spite of the popular clamor for T. R., the last reports we heard that night were that Taft would be nominated without a doubt, and that, as a forlorn hope, Roosevelt would start a new party. People felt, with the splitting of the Republican Party, the chances were that the Democrats would win in November. Bryan and Underwood were talked of for President, and Clark and Wilson; but who could tell from day to day what might supervene?

The atmosphere of lawlessness in the convention was quite beyond one's comprehension unless one happened to be there. The steam roller, as they called it, did grab two delegates from California who by right might have gone to Roosevelt, and there seemed to be a question over the State of Washington, but the others, as far as I could

make out, those that T. R. dubbed "liar" and "thief" — Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Texas — were fairly entitled to their seats. Beveridge maintained, however, that Indiana was not very fair. Some friends from Michigan said that their State was absolutely solid for Taft, and they could not see how Roosevelt had the face to bring it into the contest. The contest certainly was close and exciting — and how the T. R. followers did yell! At the same time groans and toots in the audience made it amusing. I shall always be glad I was there.

Friday night great confusion reigned in the Roosevelt camp and so many rumors flew about that one did n't know what to think or say or do. His followers would not bolt with Roosevelt, and so they stayed in and were beaten. By this time it was a sure thing for Taft, and Saturday morning the decisive word came that he had been re-nominated for the Presidency.

After Chicago I went to Washington. Our house was closed, but the caretaker opened the den, with its little balcony bedroom, so I stayed there for several days. The first thing I did was to go to the War Department to find General Edwards,

who had just returned from Belgium. After giving me all the news from Brussels, he took me to the President's office in the White House wing. We were ushered almost immediately through the corridors filled with people waiting their turn, into the room where the President sat talking to some one. As soon as the man had left I delivered a letter from L. and we talked a few minutes, after which Mr. Taft invited me to luncheon.

While in Washington I became for the first time actively interested in politics. Miss Mabel Boardman asked me to send out circulars hoping to get contributions from women for the Republican campaign fund; I sent out thousands before I got through, and distributed I don't know how many other campaign leaflets besides.

Next I was put upon the Advisory Board of the Women's Republican Committee and asked to organize rallies and speak in Massachusetts, which I did.

During the campaign which followed his nomination, Mr. Taft himself seemed indifferent to the results, looking forward to election day as only a man could who had done his work conscientiously and well. He showed no resentment over

the bitter shafts of political warfare that fell at his feet, and he told an interviewer on one occasion that summer, "The great dream of my life is to have my country lead in the permanent establishment of world peace [this was in 1912] and . . . in an intelligent and high-minded citizenship."

While the campaign progressed, the signs were not favorable. As a Springfield paper put it, "In the matter of straightforward, frank dealing with the public, the President stands conspicuous, and his weakness in this connection, perhaps, lies in the failure to make a strong dramatic appeal to the general public to support him in an emergency."

Hope mingled with apprehension as election day drew near. L. and I were to sail the day after, so I bade my mother good-bye and took the train for New York where I was to join my husband, who had returned to America from Brussels for a few weeks. We went to the Manhattan Hotel to dine with Mr. Hilles, chairman of the Republican Committee. Mrs. Taft came in soon after, with her sister and several other relatives and friends of the President. The election news engaged us far more than the dinner, of course, for the wires

were busy and the returns kept coming in during the evening.

All the news pointed one way. State after State went to Mr. Wilson, even those that for years had been staunchly Republican. It was impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that the thing we had fondly believed could not happen had really come to pass. Because of the wretched split in the Republican Party, we were confronted by the prospect of a Democratic administration. It seemed incredible that Roosevelt should have been responsible for the defeat of the G. O. P. which had made him, and brought about the election of a minority President whose tendencies and policies were so different from previous administrations. There were many who never forgave him. It was sad news for all of us, and we could not be a hilarious party, though we tried to joke a little and keep the ball rolling. After dinner a few more people arrived and joined our little company. The discussions that went on about the political situation were certainly most illuminating. Through it all the disheartening returns kept pouring in, and several times Mrs. Taft was called up by the President.

Finally, Mrs. Taft and a few of us ventured out into the street to see what was going on there, the wife of the President, with her usual unassuming simplicity, passing through the throngs quite unperceived. People were still tooting horns, but we were too late for the crowds before the newspaper boards. Mrs. Laughlin seemed to think her sister needed cheering up, so we went into a restaurant and had some supper. It was long past midnight when we got back to our rooms at the hotel, and ended our evening; it had been so exciting in anticipation, and so disappointing in reality. The impossible had happened — the Democratic Party had swept the country, with thirty-five States to its credit.

Speaker Champ Clark's lifetime ambition also had been reduced to ashes a little while before in the Baltimore Convention, where, though having had more than a majority of delegates at first, nevertheless he had not been able to wrest the prize from Mr. Wilson. After election day had passed, the Speaker called upon Mr. Taft to exchange greetings and condolences. Winking at the President, Mr. Clark said, "Well, we are handsomer than he is anyhow."

CHAPTER VIII

Divers Democrats

I ONCE heard Mr. Taft say that a President's peak of power usually came after he had been in office about eighteen months. Toward the end of his administration he is likely to be torn limb from limb, politically speaking. Looking back over the history of the country you will find this true enough, but Mr. Wilson has been an exception. Not one high point would be found; but several, and some very low ones as well, if Wilson's popularity was traced like a weather chart or a patient's in a hospital. Although terribly criticized for unpreparedness during his first term, nevertheless his highest peak of power was not passed until well into his second term — indeed, it will only be seen in later years at just what period it was passed. His hold upon Congress throughout the war has been amazing.

Two years of his administration had passed when the cataclysm of Europe came. Another year went by before the Lusitania was sunk, and

the diplomatic notes began to multiply. In fact it began to be generally assumed abroad that our chief part in the conflict would take the form of rhetorical advices. An American girl was seated at a desk in a hotel parlor in Cape Town, South Africa, when a British officer came up behind her and remarked, "Ah, writing notes? I understand you Americans are very fond of writing notes."

As feeling rose higher and protests began to pour in, the President, who had announced in the beginning that he intended to be accessible regularly to newspaper men, closed his doors and became more and more difficult to interview.

Nevertheless Mr. Wilson was said to be affability itself, but that after an interview had been secured with him one realized that he had done most of the talking, leaving the important thing that the visitor had on the tip of his tongue to say, still unuttered when the cordial presidential handshake passed him swiftly onward and out. There was a story current about David Belasco and a group of other theatrical magnates who went to Washington to protest the heatless Mondays and closed theaters.

"We're to go to the White House," Mr. Bel-

FOREIGN AMBITIONS

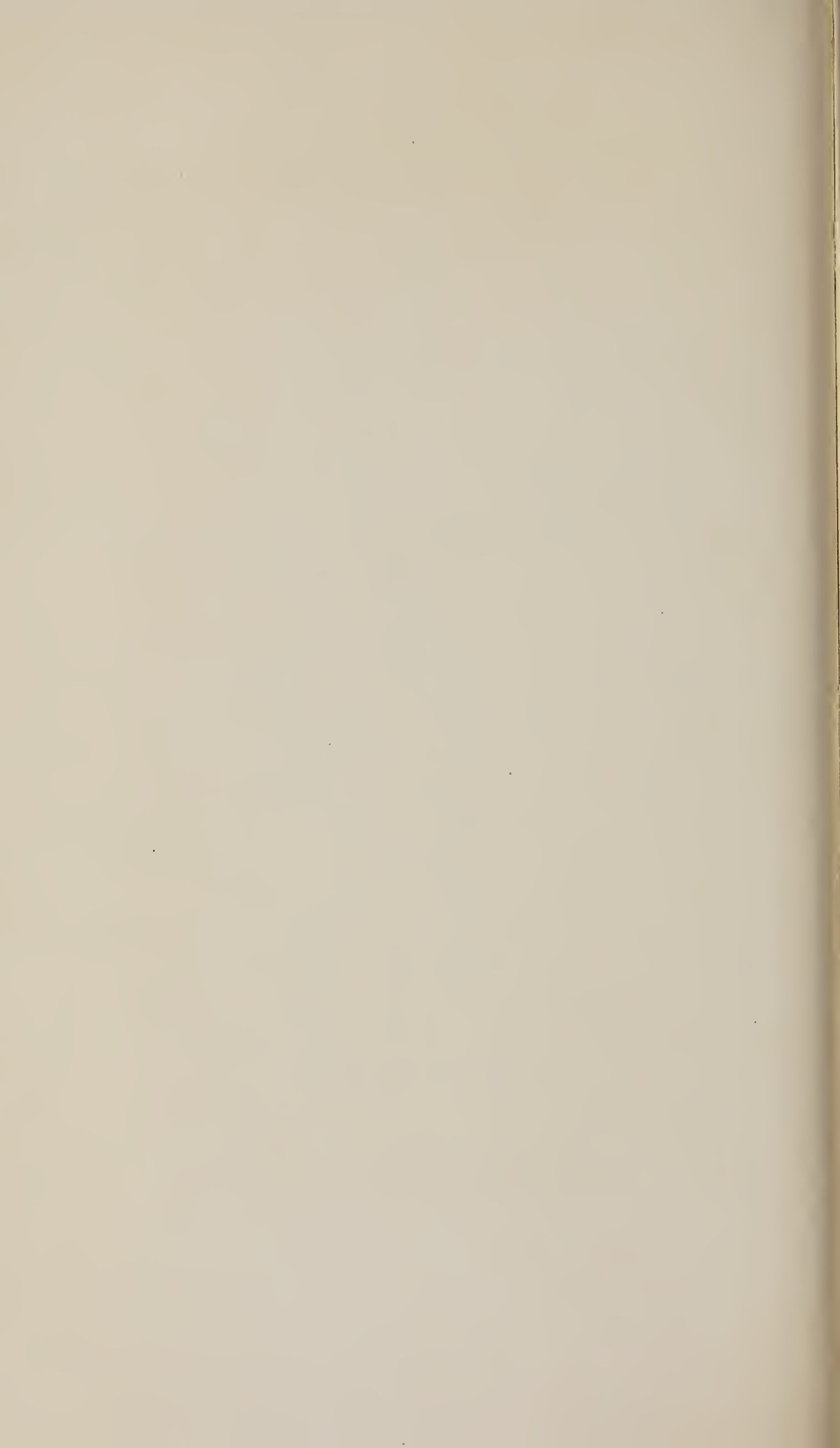


The American Defense Society

THE NEW YORK HERALD

A SWEET DREAM OF PEACE

A PREPAREDNESS CARTOON



asco confided to a Congressman, "this afternoon for five minutes!"

"Great Heavens!" cried the Congressman. "What are you going to do with the other four?"

When President Wilson came to Washington, he refused the honorary membership usually offered the incoming Executive by the leading Country Club on the published grounds that he did not feel he would have time for golf, owing to the pressure of his duties. But almost ever since, rather to the surprise of Washington, he has passed more time on the links than any of his predecessors. He had a regular programme for each day. It began with golf in the morning, followed by four hours of work in his office, and concerts or driving in the afternoon. Almost every night he was to be seen at the theater; as there are very few first-class theaters in Washington, he often had to go to the same play more than once, but he seemed particularly fond of vaudeville, for night after night you would see him at Keith's.

After Mr. Wilson arrived it began to be understood that social life was rather frowned on as undemocratic. This attitude amused old Washing-

tonians greatly, for they remembered that the first and most extravagant entertaining ever known here, with the introduction of unlimited terrapin and champagne, had taken place during a Democratic administration, in the time of the Whitneys under President Cleveland. But there were none of the well-ordered and dignified functions that had taken place in the handsome homes of the Cabinet and the other officials of the preceding Republican administrations. Instead the state receptions and dinners were given in hotel parlors and dining-rooms; and for important missions and visiting envoys, private houses had to be borrowed. So there has been much less social life at the White House during this Democratic régime than usual. Nevertheless the Wilsons have furnished the Capital some exciting moments. The romances and marriages of the President's two daughters and his own remarriage have given society plenty to talk about.

There is little I can say in regard to the various men and women who came into prominence through the Wilson terms. We were away much of the time, and besides, in a Democratic administration the Republicans are more or less out-

siders. Of course, at one time or another, socially or in war work, I met most of them and came to know a few very well indeed. But on the whole I must confess that my judgments are necessarily superficial.

Colonel House was easily the most prominent figure of — and yet not of and lately one hears not at all of — the administration. Those who know him best declare his judgment to be good, but somewhat socialistic; and the secret of his influence seemed to be that the people trusted him because he wanted nothing for himself. However, there are differing opinions even about him, for while I was in France a very intelligent Frenchman told me that the Colonel either had not understood their point of view or else he had misreported matters to the President. This was after one of his earlier visits to Paris.

Several times I sat beside Secretary Daniels and found him a very genial dinner companion. A good mixer — with people, but not of cocktails — he appeared the newspaper man and politician. At first the public criticized him, but people felt that he had done very much better than any one expected — although he was nicknamed “In-

bad the Sailor." His attack on the Navy League seemed — to put it mildly — unfortunate, and did no one any harm except himself. His remarks that the members were anarchists made one laugh, as I knew most of them and they were patriotic men and women. Navy men declared that the navy in the war did well in spite of him. It looks, since Admiral Sims's letter in regard to war medals, as though Mr. Daniels deserved the title of "Inbad."

Secretary of Agriculture Houston is big and serious-minded. For years before coming to Washington he was in college work, first as professor and then as administrator, so that he knew his subject in its broader phases. One heard less of him than of some of the others, perhaps, but I believe he makes an excellent executive.

Secretary of the Interior Lane is the only man in the Cabinet kept over from the Republican administration; some say that he had been obliged to swallow a number of bitter pills, but nevertheless he sticks to his job. Rumors also declare him to be more or less socialistic. At any rate, he is jolly and nice and very well liked.

Secretary McAdoo was a very hard worker

while in office. He is tall and lanky, with sharp features and thin lips, and keen and clever. His resignation caused a great deal of excitement in Washington — gossip had it everyway; he had made money; he had lost it; he was ill; he was getting out so that he could come back later as President; he had had trouble with his father-in-law about a railroad deal, and as to which should go abroad. The excuse given to the public was that he could not afford to remain in the position any longer, because he needed to make money for his family. Arthur Guiterman's lines about him in "Life" are too good not to include:

"The Who, preëminently Who,
Is William Gibbs, the McAdoo
(Whom I should like to hail, but dare n't,
As Royal Prince and Heir Apparent).
A Man of high Intrinsic Worth,
The greatest Son-in-Law on Earth
With all his burdens thence accruing,
He's always up and McAdooing
From Sun to Star and Star to Sun —
His Work is never McAdone.
He regulates our Circumstances —
Our Buildings, Industries, Finances
And Railways, while the wires buzz
Tò tell us what he McAdoes.

PRESIDENTS AND PIES

He gave us (Heaven bless the Giver!)
The Tubes beneath the Hudson River.

I don't believe he ever hid
A single thing he McAdid.
His name appears on Scrip and Tissue,
On bonds of each successive issue,
On Coupons bright and Posters rare,
And every Pullman Bill-of-Fare.

Postscript

But while with sympathetic Croodlings
I sing his varied McAdoodlings
And write these Eulogistic Lines,
That thankless McAdoo resigns!"

Several of the wives of the administration struck me as being quite attractive. The first lady of the land worked for a time in our Red Cross canteen, where the other workers had only pleasant things to say about her — and that certainly speaks well! Miss Benham, Mrs. Wilson's secretary, who also worked with us, and was very much liked, accompanied her abroad. The colored maid whom she also took to Europe was of the real old black mammy type. When the President and Mrs. Wilson went to make a visit at Windsor and ate from silver plates, she told the servants that in America they ate from gold

plates. But in Italy — no one knows exactly how it happened — the woman was given a suite of rooms in the Grand Hotel and accorded the honors of a lady-in-waiting!

Miss Bones, a relative of the President who lived for several years in the White House, was greatly admired. Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Houston, and Mrs. Hoover were especially popular socially. Mrs. Daniels and Mrs. Burleson were more the club-woman type and made very good speeches.

Looking over the list of political people, one notices more than ever before men of Jewish extraction. Faint rumors of a great Hebraic world movement headed by some very prominent Jews have been heard, but the movement is still kept very quiet. Each President seems to have given preference to one faction — for some political reason, perhaps. Roosevelt favored the negroes. Taft, a Unitarian, favored the Catholics. Wilson, a true-blue Presbyterian, goes in for Jews.

From the middle of Wilson's first administration until his second one, the war began to be hotly argued, and feeling grew steadily in intensity. No one knows — perhaps no one will ever know — how many tens of thousands of tele-

grams, letters, and messages bombarded the White House, demanding that we enter the war. The East was in a furore; the Middle West awaited events with mingled feelings; the Far West was indifferent. There was even a campaign slogan, "Thank God for Wilson, he kept us out of war!" Would it win or lose him votes? Nobody knew.

Eager to see who would be the standard-bearer in the coming campaign, we decided to go once more to Chicago. For some time previous to the convention I had felt convinced that Justice Hughes would be nominated, but I saw, even before starting for Chicago, a growing enthusiasm in New York and Boston for Roosevelt, and as we traveled west with admiring T. R. Progressives, I began to open my eyes and ears. At Chicago, where the papers were practically all for him, I was frankly surprised at his large following. But very soon afterwards I was told that the Teddy bubble had burst.

Groups of people wandering about in the lobby of the Blackstone discussed the situation amicably, no one seeming to care very much for any one individual — they simply wanted the best man to win. Many hoped that Root had a chance; he

was considered *the* great statesman of America, because of his masterly handling of questions with European countries and because of his South American policy and the fine code of laws drafted by him for the Philippines. A quartette sang Burton's praises in the hotels, and the Sherman men marched the streets. The headquarters of the various delegations at the Congress Hotel were crowded with the usual motley group of politicians, office seekers, and plain citizens, while speeches echoed through the entrance hall.

For the first time women were much in evidence in Chicago. They wanted the Republican platform to declare in their favor, and it was a question whether the plank should be a Federal or a State matter. Both parties, and also some of the "Antis," appeared and spoke before the Resolutions Committee at Convention Hall. To see thousands of women marching "sheroically," as some one said, in a pouring rain and howling gale, gave one a strange feeling, and it had its effect.

The convention was called to order Wednesday by Mr. Charles D. Hilles, chairman of the Republican National Committee, to whom the credit for much of its success belonged. Senator Harding,

the permanent chairman, performed his duties admirably.

The sections filled with delegates on the floor, as seen in the distance from the gallery, with standards telling the names of the States represented, suggested Grange Fair exhibits, neatly arranged, and I felt as if they should read: "Oats from Ohio," or "Apples from Oregon."

On the same day the Progressive convention opened with great excitement, which continued by fits and starts throughout the week. While the proceedings of the Republicans may have seemed tame in comparison with the Bull Moose activities, yet this same moderation was due to the high character of the delegates, who realized the tremendous seriousness of their problem.

Among the speeches that remain in my memory for one reason or another I recall that of Governor Willis, of Ohio, which he delivered like a splendid, bellowing bull. The vocabulary of a latter-day Dogberry from Wisconsin proved highly amusing; a minority report, enriched by mixed metaphors, read by one of the Resolutions Committee made one weep with laughter. While the speakers went on denouncing the Democratic Party for its weak

foreign policy in Europe and Mexico, I could not help watching the changing expressions on the face of Mr. Bryan, who sat just below the platform among the reporters. I was much amused when Senator Depew looked at him and remarked, "When the enemy arrives, you will be there to meet him with a million men in Ford cars!"

Followers of Burton marched through the aisles with a live baby elephant, led by a miniature Uncle Sam and bearing on its back a little girl dressed as Columbia. The supporters of Sherman and Fairbanks waved flags and howled like school-boys.

Conference committees were appointed in an attempt to unite the Progressives and Republicans, but they could not come to an understanding. No compromise candidate was offered by the Progressives; they wanted Teddy, so Roosevelt's name was sent in to the Republican convention. At the mention of T. R. the galleries rocked, and a woman who looked as if she taught Swedish movements waved flags. Another stepped from her seat into a prominent position and threw her hat "into the ring." There were rumors that Roosevelt was on his way to Chicago, but it

proved that he had only sent a message, which was read at the convention. He suggested Senator Lodge as a compromise candidate, but under any circumstances it was too late.

Balloting began, and the third ballot a sweep for Hughes developed into the finest and most remarkable nomination I have ever heard of, for Mr. Hughes never lifted a finger or authorized any one to work for him. I believed him to be exactly the kind of man we needed—level-headed and just, with a fine record, and that whatever situation arose he would have met it wisely.

One who had attended several conventions and had learned to look for the strategy in every little situation which came up, saw in the nomination of Mr. Fairbanks for Vice-President a clever *coup*. A man with a most loyal following, his preparation for further public service was thorough, and his State, Indiana, always pivotal, was specially important that year from the fact that it would elect two United States Senators.

The convention avoided the rocks; on the whole, though not dramatic, it was intelligent, constructive, and patriotic.

Once the campaign had been fairly launched, the next important event proved to be the Hughes notification ceremony, for which a friend offered us good seats in Carnegie Hall. I had never heard of such an occasion and it puzzled me, until I learned that this was quite an unusual event — in fact, the first of its kind. Other would-be Presidents in the past had received the committee's notification informally and made their speeches of acceptance in their own houses, or on their front lawns or piazzas, with only a comparatively few people present. As the situation in 1916 was so complicated, with the Progressives somewhat divided and ex-President Roosevelt "coming out" for Hughes, my friend said the Justice wished this occasion to be made an important event.

Just as we reached the hall, great cheering began. I looked at the platform to see if Mr. Hughes had arrived, but could not find him; I glanced at the entrance, but he was not there, either. Then I saw that the cause of the excitement was Mr. Roosevelt, who had entered a box in the balcony. Some of the Progressives cried, "We want Teddy!" and one shouted, "Why is n't Theodore on the platform?" A gentleman told me that he

understood the Colonel had been invited up there, but preferred to sit in a box.

“How does it happen on a Hughes night that there is so much clapping for T. R.?” I asked; “how many tickets did the Bull Moose men get?”

“They asked for half the house,” he replied, “and they were given it.”

At last the Committee on Notification appeared on the stage, preceding Mr. Hughes, for whom there arose prolonged hurrahs. He made a very fine appearance, spoke well, and what he said went straight to the point. There was much enthusiasm, and we returned home satisfied that Hughes would make a great campaign, and lead the G.O.P. to victory.

Again it happened that our hopes were not to be realized. For the second time Woodrow Wilson carried the country, though this time by the barrest possible margin, so that for days after the election we were left in doubt as to which candidate actually had been elected.

Inauguration Day fell on Sunday in 1917, so, although President Wilson took the oath of office (in private, for the first time in the history of

the United States) at the Capitol, the procession did not take place till next day, and the Inaugural Ball was omitted altogether.

The changes that creep in every four years are especially noticeable. We had had the good fortune to see President Roosevelt take the oath of office in the Capitol, to hear him deliver his speech outside, and to view the procession from a window on Pennsylvania Avenue. Four years later, while the parade halted before the White House, we lunched with President Taft and later watched it pass from his pavilion. This time — it was a clear, cold, windy day — we had seats opposite the same pavilion and were able to see President Wilson reviewing the procession.

In the old days the outgoing Executives rode to and from the Capitol with the incoming one in a carriage drawn by two horses, with a colored coachman and footman on the box. This year, since Wilson was his own predecessor, his wife accompanied him in the carriage.

Curiously enough, this Democratic chief magistrate was the one to introduce a carriage with four horses instead of two, and with white coachman and footman instead of black. As a matter of

fact, a riding teacher at the club did the driving, and the leaders were borrowed for the occasion. But the equipage really did make a very good appearance, and I think the innovation is excellent.

Never before had women marched in the inaugural procession, but now they formed quite an important part of it, most of them in costume and representing trade unions, suffrage, and other organizations.

A warlike flavor was given the affair by the corps of petrolettes with rifles and the four-wheeled motors with guns, as well as the huge tanks trundling along. A woman in the crowd near me remarked triumphantly, "You see we *are* prepared, after all!" But as a matter of fact, there were only eight of those tanks in existence — and they were all in the procession. Moreover, none ever reached the other side of the water.

The parade was a mixture of the serious and the ridiculous. The police came first and looked well, as always, on their handsome horses. The regular troops just back from the Border, the West Point and Annapolis boys, all marched finely, as also did the students of the Culver Military Academy. Distinguished-looking Governor McCall, of Mas-

sachusetts, with his guard of naval cadets in gay uniforms, and Governor Whitman, of New York, with his mounted aides and with Squadron A following, made a magnificent appearance. No less fine were the dignified Indian chiefs on horseback, superb in their regalia. The little band of G.A.R. veterans, too, earned their share of the applause.

The Governor of Mississippi, who had swept the State twice, and his staff of thirty-eight majors rode in carriages. One of the majors having married a distant cousin of L.'s, we made it an excuse for inviting them and their wives to have tea with us the day before the parade. When I offered this cousin a horse for her husband to ride in the procession, she refused it with the simple explanation — "The Major weighs two hundred and ninety pounds!"

It was surprising, though, to see how few governors came to Washington for this occasion — I had supposed there would be many from the Southern States, at least, on account of President Wilson; but Maryland, Virginia, and Mississippi were the only ones represented. Some of the marching of the troops was especially bad. Hired

for the various personages to ride were work horses, some fat and frowsy, and others so thin and decrepit that they looked fit only for a bullfight.

The colored drum major, with his fuzzy hat and twirling stick, was greeted with hilarious applause. Tammany Hall was out in full force, along with endless political clubs, some of whose members wore derby hats, some top hats, some no hats at all. Some waved flags and smoked cigarettes at the same time. The various kinds of bows and salutes given to the President as the different organizations marched by the reviewing stand afforded us many good laughs.

Great precautions had been taken for the President's safety, and the bomb predicted by the fortune-tellers was not thrown. So everything ended well.

CHAPTER IX

Allied Missions

IN April of 1917 this was the situation in which the Allies found themselves: Great Britain, still threatened with starvation by the submarine menace, which she had not been able to overcome; Russia, in the throes of revolution; Italy, corrupted by propaganda and lacking in essential materials, weakened to the point where she could not withstand any great offensive without help from outside; France, at the end of her reserves. And yet the crisis had not been reached, and the end was not in sight.

Nothing showed more plainly the importance which the Allies attached to the entrance of America into the war than the personnel of the missions which they sent over here as soon as we declared ourselves co-belligerents with them against Germany. These missions were sent to us, both as a compliment to the American people, and also to give us the benefit of their experience, so that we might be able to avoid their blunders and

delays and arrange for the closest possible coöperation.

It soon became clear that the Allies especially wanted to impress on our people the fact that more than money, or even than food, was the necessity for men. More soldiers were needed in the trenches, and immediately. It was to convince us of this that the other countries sent us their ablest statesmen.

Great Britain sent the first mission to arrive, headed by the Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour, who, as we all know, before the war had been Secretary for Ireland, leader of the House of Commons, and Premier of the British Empire; after the war began he had become First Lord of the Admiralty in the Coalition Cabinet and Foreign Secretary of Great Britain. It was really he who fathered the Entente, for he brought about the alliance between England, France, Russia, and Japan.

With him were military and naval experts and men prominent in the economic and financial worlds. The secret of their departure from England on a fast cruiser was so carefully guarded that no submarines interfered with the voyage.

They landed at Halifax and crossed the border at Vanceboro, over the bridge which Werner Horn had tried to blow up. As their train ran out of the mist onto American soil, a little company of farmers and workmen who had got wind of their arrival, gathered at the border to wave a few tattered flags.

On the day that the Stars and Stripes flew for the first time over Parliament, the commission reached Washington — the 22d of April. Enthusiastic crowds welcomed the distinguished men at the station and lined the streets through which they passed. British flags were flying from all the windows, and innumerable police and detectives guarded them on their way to the house where they were to stop while here, that of Mr. Breckinridge Long, our Third Assistant Secretary of State. As they passed slowly by in their motors, escorted by cavalry from Fort Myer clattering along on the asphalt, the visitors bowed to right and left in response to the clapping and hurrahs of the people. It seemed to me, as I watched them, that the commissioners looked well and cheerful, notwithstanding the terrible strain they must have been under during the war.

At a reception given for the mission at the British Embassy, I met Mr. Balfour for the first time. We had quite a little chat, for my husband had known him in England and recalled himself, realizing the great man's failing — he cannot remember faces. It is said that sometimes he does n't even recognize members of his own Cabinet.

This trait of his came out quite amusingly at a dinner L. attended — an especially interesting occasion because both Republicans and Democrats were represented, Colonel House and Mr. Taft sitting side by side. For an hour Mr. Balfour, who is a man of about seventy, stood before the fireplace and talked superbly, his head held high and his words an enduring inspiration to those who listened. There could be no mistaking his power. But when it came time for the guests to leave, he mistook my husband for the master of the house and thanked him cordially for his hospitality!

The French commissioners arrived only a few days after the British, and were entertained at the house of Ambassador White. They received an even greater ovation than the British, perhaps due

to the fact that France sent us her great popular idol, "Papa" Joffre, the hero of the Marne. His victory was said to be "a triumph comparable with Valmy and with Marathon, the one a victory of the spirit, the other a triumph of the intelligence. . . . It was a victory of French genius over German force."

With him was the Minister of Justice and ex-Premier, René Viviani — "the eloquent voice of France," who had, as a New York paper put it, "written into the French laws more statutes that are socialistic in their essence than any other of his comrades in the party. . . . Furthermore, contrary to the doctrines of socialism, he has been an ardent militarist; years before the World War he besought preparedness. . . . His career in public life has been . . . a vivid flash across the pages of his country."

We had the pleasure of meeting both of the great emissaries at the French Embassy, and also Count Pierre de Chambrun, a descendant of Lafayette's who, like his brother, had married a cousin of my husband's. General Joffre had thrown back the blue military cloak he wore, revealing his uniform of navy blue tunic with many medals, and

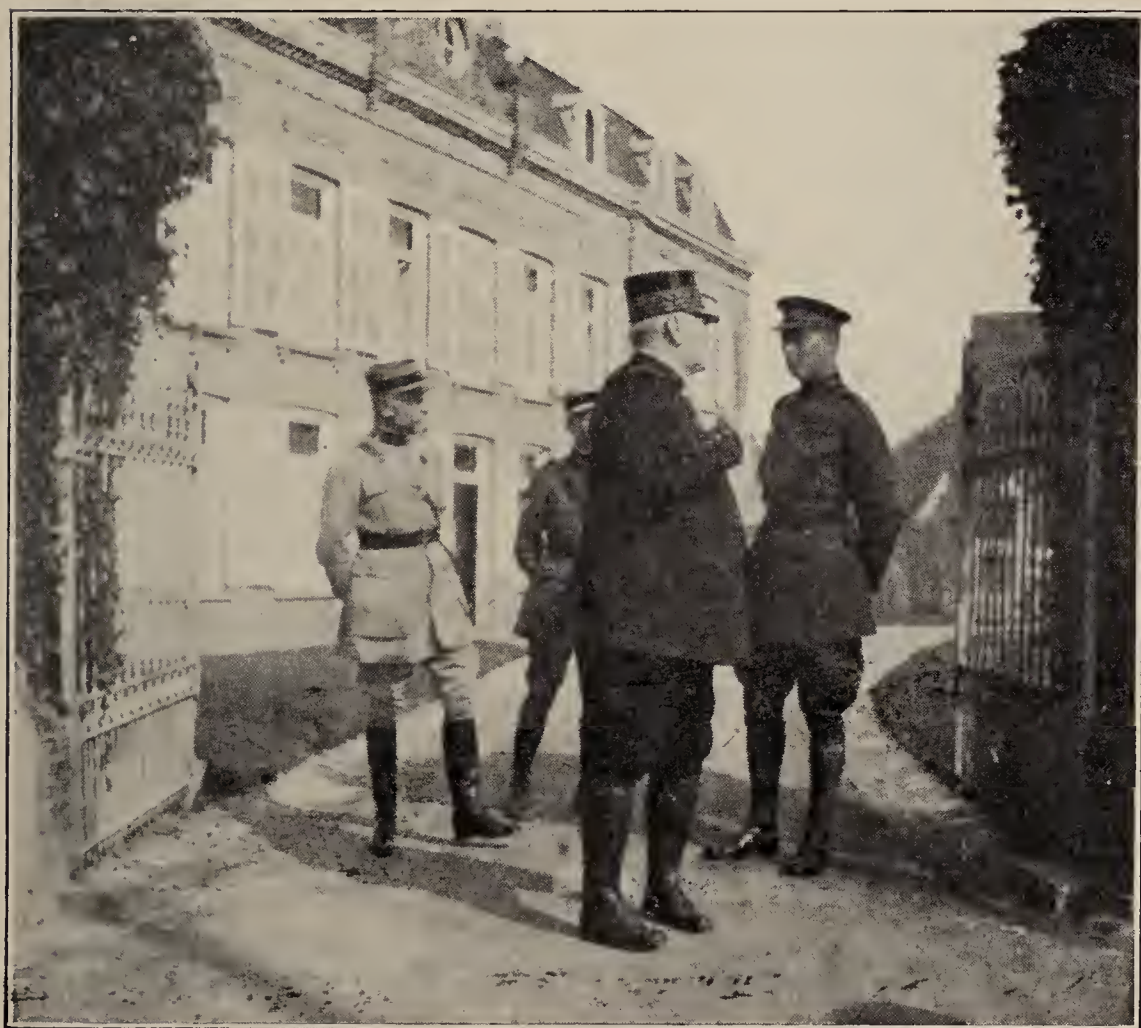
scarlet trousers with gold braid. Because of his white face and the strong, heavily built body which showed his peasant stock, he made a decided contrast to the dark, fiery Viviani, who was rather jealous, I heard it whispered, of his popular colleague.

When my husband was introduced as a former Minister to Belgium, L. said to the Marshal, "I hope we may next meet in Brussels!" To which the old soldier replied, "*C'est probable!*" Though at that time I must say it looked anything but probable.

The programme for the commissions varied somewhat in the different cities — in Washington it was official and social in character, while elsewhere it was more of a popular demonstration, mixed with sight-seeing. First there were calls to be paid by the mission to the President, and the State Department, and addresses before Congress, and innumerable important meetings. Then a round of entertainments was arranged for them. There were no parades in the Capital, but in all the other large cities processions took place with officials, soldiers, and school-children. The visitors made speeches in parks or public buildings



Left to right: King Albert, Marshal Joffre, a French staff officer, Mme. Joffre, General Rouquerol (French Military Attaché to the Belgian Government), Queen Elizabeth



Marshal Joffre and King Albert with two officers

VISIT OF MARSHAL JOFFRE AND MME. JOFFRE TO KING ALBERT AND QUEEN ELIZABETH AT THEIR VILLA NEAR THE BELGIAN FRONT, MARCH 21, 1918

before large crowds of people all over America; in Washington their audiences, however, were chiefly official in character, and of course smaller. The British did not visit Boston; as that city is preponderantly Irish, it was thought wiser to leave it out of their itinerary. The French stayed away from Chicago because of the pro-German sentiment there.

The presidential yacht *Mayflower* took both missions down the river one day to Mount Vernon. As they approached the landing a bugler sounded taps, and the band played the "Star-Spangled Banner." Once ashore the party went directly to the tomb for the simple ceremony of paying their tribute to the Father of our Country.

Mr. Balfour presented a wreath of lilies and oak leaves — "dedicated by the British mission to the immortal memory of George Washington, soldier, statesman, patriot, who would have rejoiced to see the country of which he was by birth a citizen and the country which his genius called into existence fighting side by side to save mankind from subjection to a military despotism."

Marshal Joffre, attended by two French soldiers bearing the bronze palm, stooped under the

low iron grating and laid the offering of France upon the tomb. Standing there with bowed head, he spoke with a quiet simplicity which was in itself impressive: "In the French army all venerate the name and memory of Washington. I respectfully salute here the great soldier and lay upon his tomb the palm we offer our soldiers who have died for their country."

By the end of May the French mission was once again in France. All along the way from Brest hilarious crowds greeted their returning countrymen, and immense throngs were waiting for them at the Paris station. When the emissaries found their motor-cars halted by a mass of cheering people who surged through the lines of police, Marshal Joffre exclaimed, "Why, it is like New York!" They had certainly succeeded in arousing America to an ardent desire to be of the utmost service to their country.

"Help France? Help France?"

Who would not, thanking God for the great chance,
Stretch out his hands and run to succor France?"

In the month of June three more missions came from other Allied countries — Italy, Russia, and Belgium — to confer with the members of the

administration and gain the assurance of our co-operation. They were all in Washington at the same time, and the programmes for their duties and pleasures were much the same.

The Italian emissaries were headed by a cousin of the King's, to whom and to whose colleagues the Leiters gave up their house. His Royal Highness Ferdinand of Savoy, Prince of Udine, brought the President a personal letter from Victor Emmanuel III. But no more eloquent words of greeting had come to America from any of her allies than those of the soldier poet, Gabriele d'Annunzio. Written for the Italian celebration of the Fourth of July, the author — whose mother had been killed in an air raid, who had himself lost an eye and a hand, and given all his property to his country — in the "Call to Arms" appealed to us to share their inspiration:

"Live, then, America, for truth is living;
Die, for in death is immortality.

.

We're on the march! How long shall we be marching?
Until the roads of east and west are free;
Until beneath the four winds of the world
Freedom is possible for all mankind;
Until we reach the end of our long journey;

Until time brings the fullness of the years.
A Faith in arms is marching to the future;
Its flags are consecrated to the dawn!"

Besides bringing Italy's greetings to the Republic, the representatives hoped also to arrange for supplies of raw materials and equipment for her soldiers. In their conferences with our officials great stress was laid on the need of coal, iron and steel, of chemicals and cotton, and of copper, brass, and rubber for war purposes. But in return the Italians were eager to help us in every way possible, especially in giving us information which would aid in the development of our airplanes.

Since my husband had been Secretary in the Embassy at Rome for a number of years, we invited Prince Udine to dinner. As he was young and fond of dancing, in spite of the war we asked a few young people in to dance. When we lunched at the Italian Embassy, I sat next him at table. Although a naval officer and very charming, a good sort — intelligent and alertly interested in everything — I did not think him quite so attractive as his cousin the Duke of the Abruzzi.

By great good fortune I got tickets to go to the

Capitol and hear the Prince, Mr. Balfour, and the new Russian Ambassador address Congress. As usual the place was crowded, and a furore of enthusiasm was evinced at all the speeches. In spite of the fact that Prince Udine read his in broken English, it was surprisingly good; the Russian also spoke admirably, and in excellent English.

Russia sent us by the Provisional Government Special Ambassador Bakhmetieff. But even at that time their country was going on from a frenzy of confusion to an utter chaos of anarchy. As Kerensky said, "We have tasted liberty and it has made us drunk." So in spite of the Ambassador's hopeful words to Congress, assuring us that "Russia will not fail to be a worthy partner in the league of honor," that country's betrayal of the cause of the Allies was already near at hand.

There were many stories current about this mission. It appears Bakhmetieff had lived in New York State for several years and so knew our language and ways. Although a Kerensky man, he was not as socialistic as I had imagined he might be. His Excellency had come to America by way of Siberia, and had brought a number of men and women with him — so many, in fact, that

they could not all be housed by Mr. Jennings, who had kindly offered them his home. All the women and some of the men had to be sent on to New York. It was whispered that the feminine contingent wore such strange clothes and were such peculiar types that it was feared they would not make a good impression, and so only the most presentable men remained in Washington.

I met the Ambassador several times at dinner, and should judge he was a man quite of the proletariat — not at all the sort one would pick out of a crowd; he had a round face and wore glasses, and his residence in this country had made him look rather more American than Russian. On the whole, he made a very good impression here, although his position was peculiarly difficult, conditions in Russia were changing so rapidly. No one knew exactly what he stood for, and I don't suppose he knew himself.

Among the particularly interesting dinners of that summer was one given at the Country Club by General and Mrs. Crozier on the Fourth of July. I sat between the Russian Ambassador and Senator Chamberlain, the man who caused such a stir by his attacks on the administration. After-

wards we drove back with the British Ambassador, Spring-Rice, who had made a very clever speech that evening. It was the last time we were ever to see him. Soon after he left for England, but died in Canada on the way home.

Of all the events of that summer, the reception given the Russian and Belgian commissions at the Pan-American Building stands out most unforgettably in my mind. It is a delightful place for summer entertaining on account of its garden and court as well as its fine ballroom. The court is fascinating at all times with its palms and dripping fountain, its monkeys, and its blue and yellow macaws. But at night the garden is lovely beyond words, with different-colored lights reflected in the pool and glowing on the exquisite Aztec tiles in the pavilion beyond. Like a ghost the carven figure of the old Indian sits at the edge of the water in his age-long melancholy.

The scene in the ballroom that night was brilliant in the extreme with the uniforms of officers and diplomats from all the Allied nations and with the jewels and beautiful dresses of the women. But out of doors the whole affair took on a new aspect; the guests no longer seemed human,

but visitors from another world — mysterious spirits drifting through the changing lights, while the stone Indian sat unmoved among them, if anything less unreal than they.

The Belgian envoys had arrived in Washington the 18th of June, and we saw a good deal of them because they lived in our house the three weeks that they were there. To them, and to all the other missions, American army and navy officers were appointed as aides. The head of the commission was Baron Moncheur, an old friend, who had been Minister in Washington at one time. Comte d'Ursel we were also especially glad to see, for we had known many members of his family in Brussels. Among the emissaries was General Leclercq, who had been in command of a division of Belgian cavalry — a striking figure in his khaki uniform.

One member of the party must not be forgotten — Nellie, their little white fox terrier. She had been given Major Osterieth by a British officer, and had served in the trenches as a mascot, having been wounded several times. She had been made a great pet, and her death, which occurred in this country, was a real grief to them.

It was particularly pleasant to be able to extend hospitality to this mission, for when my husband had been Minister in Brussels the Belgians had been very kind to us. Also we had Belgian connections, one of L.'s cousins having married there. For a time after turning over the house we left town, but later, being obliged to return on account of some work, we went to a hotel.

Baron Moncheur was very nice in asking us to dinner, and as there was no lady in the commission, he would invite me to act as hostess. The first time I went back, it gave me quite a start to see the tents pitched at the rear, and the sentries marching up and down. It was a funny feeling, too, to be a guest in your own home.

Naturally the entertainments were largely political in character, and the guests were for the most part people whom we had known before. The Lansings, who were perhaps the most popular socially of any members of the administration, and Secretary and Mrs. Baker came one night. In spite of his being supposedly a pacifist, the Secretary of War showed that he had good nerve by going into the front-line trenches while in France.

The Belgians made the most extended tour

through the United States of any of the Allies. Before going to the other Eastern cities they went out to the Pacific Coast, where a plot to assassinate them was unearthed — some one had intended to throw a bomb into their automobile. In August they reached Boston and made speeches in Faneuil Hall and on the Common, and took part in a great parade of soldiers and sailors, cheered by enormous throngs of people.

Before the summer ended another mission landed on our shores, this time from the Far East — Japan. It was headed by Viscount Ishii, who subsequently returned here as Ambassador. They were lodged in the house of Mr. Perry Belmont. He being a grandson of Commodore Perry, who had first opened Japan's doors to the Western world, it was specially appropriate that he should now receive the commission which was to bind the two countries still closer together.

At the time of their arrival in Washington, it seemed as if the officials here were reluctant to give them an opportunity to express themselves. It was a critical moment, and the masterly diplomacy of Viscount Ishii saved the situation. Seizing every possible chance to make an address,

he soon disarmed suspicion and brought about a state of good feeling which was of exceptional importance at that juncture. His Excellency was, perhaps, the best man his Government could have sent, as he had many warm friends among the Americans, and with true Japanese courtesy entertained on a lavish scale. His command of English was excellent, and he impressed every one as being level-headed and right-minded. His wife knew European ways, and spoke French fluently. They spent several days with us at "Weld," and we never had more delightful guests.

The Viscount's speeches were among the best delivered by any of our foreign visitors. In one of them he said: "Our message is that in this day, through its hours of shadow and of sunshine, your purpose is our purpose, your road our road, and your goal our goal. It is that America and Japan will march together, work together, fight together as comrades, until the end has been reached and the victory won in the struggle which involves our rights and our liberties."

CHAPTER X

Pies

ALTHOUGH there had been several small canteens on the Mexican Border during the year before our entry into the Great War, the Washington Refreshment Corps was the first large emergency canteen to be organized by the Red Cross after that event. Miss Boardman invited several of us to come to her office in consultation and then left the organization in my hands. Consequently a meeting of women and college girls was held, at which thirty-six members were listed and several officers nominated. Later the membership increased to one hundred, and when the Alexandria Corps threw in its lot with ours we had half as many again. Besides selecting a secretary and treasurer, we decided upon five committees — commissary, cooking, recruiting, uniform, and intelligence.

The Red Cross gave us army titles — colonel, captain, and lieutenant, and the corps was run on military lines. The officers, serving as chairmen,

made up an executive board and brought in reports for discussion and settlement. The commissary department had the most problems to decide at first, for we were to be an emergency canteen and so could not know just what the work was to be or what equipment might be needed. The committee in charge looked up the stores which would give the best prices, especially for coffee, sugar, condensed milk, buns, pies, bread, and jam — articles which, after much experimenting, were found the most practical and economical when feeding men *en masse*. They also got prices on sausages, ham, canned beef, and peanut butter; these were all tried out, but discarded in favor of the earlier staples.

Then a trailer kitchen was suggested — something at that time quite new — in which liquids for twelve hundred people could be cooked at once. It was a giant affair, on wheels, four great cauldrons, each holding forty gallons, and a bin at the rear carrying a day's supply of wood. A motor truck carried the equipment and hauled the kitchen. Both of these together with an icebox were donated to the corps, and very useful gifts they proved themselves to be.

As soon as the kitchen arrived we began making experiments. There were no paid cooks — all were volunteers, and the work was hard. Wood had to be brought, the fire made, the coffee put into bags, and the cauldrons filled with water. Then after they had been used, the great kettles had to be cleaned and all the tin cups and cans as well. For a thousand men the seemingly Brobdingnagian rations of thirty-seven and a half pounds of coffee and the same of sugar would be used, together with three fourths of an entire case of condensed milk. A proportionate serving of sandwiches required one hundred and twelve double Pullman loaves.

When the corps first started, the original thirty-six members wore a uniform of blue and white cotton with the red cross; the others in white were considered reserves to be called when needed. Later, however, by hard work these reserves were able to earn the right to wear the regulation uniform and the red cross. With white apron and small white helmet with dark blue veil, the whole uniform cost a little over three dollars. When the weather became colder, a very smart navy blue winter coat lined with red and

with a white belt was added, and a turban hat; this, of course, cost considerably more.

Our intelligence officer found that there was a score of army camps within twenty miles of Washington, and visited each of them to discover what things were needed. Then she looked up the places where troop trains would be likely to sidetrack, and found out whether the army officials and trainmen would coöperate and notify us. After that we were all ready for action.

Our first public appearance occurred on May 12, 1917, when the new Red Cross Memorial Building was formally opened. The President reviewed several different corps — surgical dressings, clerical, comfort bag, and so on — all in uniform, and a pretty sight they were with their flowing veils of different colors. Most of the girls had never marched in a parade before, and there was much dismay at first because many of them did not wish to do so. Fearing that the canteen would make no showing at all, I sent out notices to the effect that all who wished to remain in the organization must march unless they were ill or out of town.

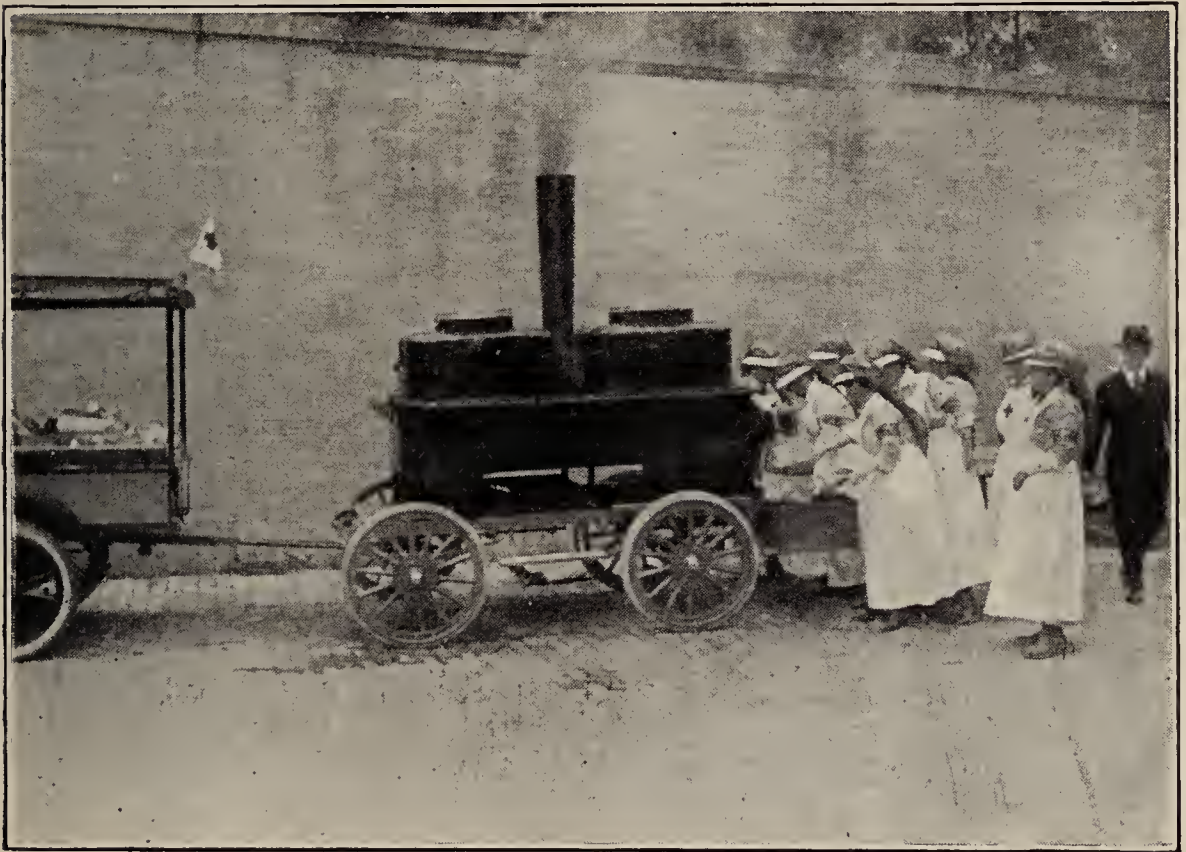
Getting the corps ready for the parade was

quite amusing. First my husband and General Edwards gave me a little military training in the house, then I called the women together and drilled them in the back alley, and finally gave them a grand rehearsal in the White Lot. I learned to bark out orders quite professionally, but was mortally afraid of forgetting to give "eyes left" as we passed the President's stand. The discipline was not all that could be desired — one girl talked a steady stream while she was marching, and another could not be made to keep step — but on the whole it went off pretty well. Our kitchen trailer was a unique feature of the parade, and was so much admired that later it was sent for to take part in the great Red Cross procession in New York.

Hardly were we ready for service when orders came to go to Fort Myer and serve luncheon to fifteen hundred men. This gave us a fine chance to try out our system, which was as follows: When the corps was called, I notified the captain of the commissary department to order the foodstuffs; the recruiting officer, Miss Sheridan, daughter of the famous general, to telephone her waitresses, who made and served the sandwiches;



CANTEEN WORKERS



A RED CROSS TRAVELING KITCHEN



then the cooks, who prepared and served the coffee; the nurse and the secret service man who used to accompany us in those early days; and last the motor-corps, which took the members.

All were expected to come when called, at any hour of the day or night, unless they had a very good excuse. If a member failed in her duty she received a black mark; after three black marks she was usually not summoned again. The method of procedure thus devised was found to work very well and was kept until we got our hut on the tracks, when regular shifts were organized.

On the morning of the trip to Fort Myer the whole staff assembled at the garage, where the fire was started in the kitchen trailer, the coffee prepared, the sandwiches made, and the pies cut. The intelligence officer went ahead with the Red Cross flag and the tent to make arrangements for the parking of the kitchen and motors. Then off we started, the coffee boiling in the great cauldrons, the steam rising, the fire crackling all the way. By the time we reached Fort Myer everything was ready to serve. Folding tables were taken from the truck and set out picnic fashion in the place assigned us — a dirt road be-

tween the barracks. We had barely got settled — it was half-past ten — when streams of reserve officers began lining up for breakfast; they had had nothing to eat since six the night before, and were very hungry. On their arrival at camp they had been hurried off for medical examinations, so this was their first chance to get a bite. Our food was certainly appreciated by the fifteen hundred men. The total cost of the refreshments to the Red Cross was only a little over a hundred dollars. I had a letter from General Scott, then in command of the army, complimenting us upon our success, so altogether we felt very well satisfied.

Nevertheless, complications soon arose from the fact that while some of the army officers approved of canteen work at the railway stations, others did not. Red Cross canteens were new in America. Those who had been in Europe during the war, and knew conditions there, encouraged us. Others felt very definitely that women should not be told when troops were to pass through *en route* for overseas, as orders were just beginning to be kept secret. For this reason our work on the tracks was somewhat interfered with for a while.

But all the officers approved of our visiting the camps. In order that there might be no criticism, the soldiers were given only things that their chaplain asked for, such as books, postcards, magazines, tobacco, writing-paper, and gum. All the military bands about Washington were supplied through us with music contributed by music stores in several large cities. We made a point of not duplicating or interfering with the work of any other society, but being an emergency corps we were able to accomplish what some others were not yet ready to do. For overseas men we added a candy and cigarette committee and a comfort-bag department, so that many thousand soldiers and marines going to the front at that time were supplied.

After the trip to Fort Myer the next call was to feed the Red Cross delegates who had arrived from all over the country to attend a meeting in Washington. As women are not used to military methods, I had my troubles. Some of the members objected, feeling that the canteen was meant for soldiers only, but since we were under military rules, orders from headquarters had to be obeyed without question. The luncheon was to

be served at Fort Myer, and our kitchen was parked near General Scott's house, on top of the plateau among the officers' quarters. A whole lot of Red Cross "big bugs" were there, including ex-President Taft, Mr. Davison, and Mr. Eliot Wadsworth.

That afternoon we started from Fort Myer across country and struck the road to Alexandria, where we were to feed six hundred artillerymen who were coming in by train and making camp in a big field about eight miles out of Washington. This field, between their unpacking and ours, soon began to look as if it were about ready for a circus. We served the food from the motors, the soldiers helping. Darkness came on, but still we stayed and worked with only the aid of occasional lanterns. The officer in charge asked us to leave the kitchen there under guard till morning, so that troop trains arriving in the night could have hot coffee. Of course we were glad to do this, and left an extra present of tobacco for the men. Again we had a nice letter from the commander.

A most terrible occasion was the 6th of June — registration day. Over a thousand people manag-

ing the registration at the schoolhouses scattered all over the city had to be fed. Our work began early in the morning and ended late at night. Baskets were packed for each schoolhouse, with ham sandwiches and jelly rolls; and after they had been dispatched to their various destinations in motors, the kitchen began its tour, leaving cans of hot coffee.

The long, tedious day was scarcely ended — it was about midnight, in fact — when the head of the police called up, asking whether we would serve coffee and sandwiches the next three days to the Confederate veterans who had come to Washington for a reunion and parade. Five thousand of them were expected, and ten thousand had arrived. The hotels were all filled, and hundreds were sleeping on mattresses spread on the floor of the armory. So we got up before daylight to make more sandwiches and get ready to do what we could to help out. Of course most of the men were very aged, and some had little money. Even those who had been given meal tickets were so exhausted after the first day that the hot coffee and buns which we served from our tables in the street outside the armory and station were a godsend. The

appreciative old fellows stood round the motor kitchen and sang songs for us. But the junket was pretty hard for them. One man who had come all alone was absolutely blind. I took several who were ill to the Red Cross rest room. Nine of the old veterans died in the hospital.

During one of the big war-time parades thousands of marines were fed at the station, an ambulance corps going to the front was served refreshments, and a lunch was given to the coast artillery when they were mustered into service. Forty thousand men arrived at Camp Mead in three days and we were asked to help provide for them.

After that our work changed somewhat, for the officers came to see that a canteen was really needed for the troop trains. Early in September large numbers of soldiers began to go through Washington, and as the cars were side-tracked about a mile out from the city for an hour or more, we decided to put up a tent in a triangle between the tracks and have our motor-kitchen there, housing it in a neighboring garage at night. A member of the corps had a studio not far away where she allowed us to make sandwiches. This,

with the use of her telephone and kitchen, proved a great help in those early days.

Our little gypsy encampment in the freight yard worked under difficulties, for the place was hard to get to, the troop trains were very uncertain, and we were anxious not to waste any food. Moreover, the weather was extremely warm, and there were few canteeners in town in August. But the railway officials were especially nice and helpful, and we managed to meet every arrival between six o'clock in the morning and midnight, and to see that the boys were given some sort of a welcome and a word of greeting while we passed the laden baskets and steaming cups.

These efforts were more than repaid by glimpses of the letters the soldiers wrote home, which appeared occasionally in the papers. "Wonderful hot coffee and plenty of sandwiches," wrote one. Another was touched by the fact that "the women stood at midnight in the rain and waited for us," while a third declared, "Our Washington reception was the brightest spot in the whole trip, and you may rest assured that we think a great deal of the Washington canteen."

This work at the tracks had hardly got well

under way — in fact, we were still using the tent — when a call came for volunteers to work overseas. Since few women in our corps were free to go, many of them being officers' wives, I decided to offer my services. After consulting Mrs. Gulick, who had been doing excellent work, I turned the corps over to her, with the approval of Red Cross Headquarters, and left for France. So, though I cannot describe from actual experience the events of the next eight months, letters and reports kept me pretty well informed as to what was happening.

Soon after my departure a friend wrote:

“When the boys began to come in by the thousand at the end of the week, you may guess how things were. Very few workers, only two cooks — Mrs. Gulick and Mrs. Vanderbilt — and all the food had to be carried over the tracks till help came from Camp Ordway. With a few exceptions everybody did good work. Poor Mrs. X. was on her job as usual advising *not* to do things; two of the others fought continually; one woman was very rude to me, but dear Mrs. — took me aside and said not to feel badly. ‘Just remember we are doing it for the cause,’ she said; ‘I have

been insulted by nearly every one here, but am going on just the same.'

"Yesterday there was a let-up among things generally. Not more than a thousand, I should judge. We expect this rush will continue for months. The other day there came a message saying Miss Boardman and Mr. Rockwell from Red Cross Headquarters were bringing visitors to see a train come in. Everything was in apple-pie order and the strangers seemed quite impressed. The only unfortunate part was that a train official had just come down and forbidden our going over the tracks, as he considered it too dangerous. He promised to try and have the soldiers sent down for the food, but this was by no means the same thing, for the men liked the personal touch. When coffee and buns came in sight, they cheered vociferously and seemed to appreciate it because the ladies were giving it to them. Miss Boardman saw the point, and suggested we have a shack put up in a safer spot.

"Mrs. George Vanderbilt is quite wonderful, so cool and collected and executive. She took her motor and went off shopping, bought some extra equipment, a table for the tent to hold the tele-

phone, some camp chairs, a rake to rake up the trash, a pump to pump the water into the cauldron, a mail bag, stamps, wire baskets; besides, she has organized the post-office.

“Yesterday I was told to send over to Mrs. X.’s for some jam for the canteen. You know she has a large store of it that she has been collecting for the hospitals for wounded soldiers when they begin to come home. We would not have asked her for it if it had not been an emergency, but it was all for the Red Cross, anyway, and the stuff might not have been needed for the wounded for months and even years to come. Well, when I asked the motor-corps girl to fetch it for us, she looked funny and said she was willing to try, but she had her doubts, because she had heard Mrs. X. declare that she would, if necessary, get a shotgun to protect that jam. However, she managed to get it and brought it down to the tracks; but before long Mrs. X. appeared and demanded it back. By that time, fortunately, most of the jars had been opened and the contents spread on bread, so we were safe. The few jars remaining unopened she wanted to take back with her; but I said I intended to keep them, and she could ask

Headquarters whether or not we were acting under orders. She did n't get the jam, but as she left she informed me that the corps would get no more except over her dead body!

“To-day has been another record-breaker. The men went wild over their reception. The early morning troops were in need of food, as they had had very little, and no water, on the train since the previous day.”

On my return from France in June, I found the shack, which had been built near the tracks. The Red Cross offered me my old position as head of the corps, but the canteen was working so well under Mrs. Gulick, that I preferred to return as a plain private. The new quarters had four rooms, in one of which stood our precious motor-kitchen, with a big door so that it could be taken out if a need arose for it elsewhere. Besides the kitchen with its storeroom, there was a reading-room and a first-aid station with a nurse in attendance. The troop train doctors would stop to get medicines and supplies, and if a soldier was ill enough to need treatment he was left there with the nurse. In emergencies a physician could be summoned from a near-by camp, or an ambulance

called to take the invalid to the military hospital. The fourth room served as a combined post-office and store, where paper and cards were given away, stamps sold, mail collected, and chocolates, cigarettes, and tobacco furnished at low rates.

It was unbelievable how many men had been served with coffee and buns, or jam sandwiches, and what quantities had disappeared down appreciative throats. Often there were from ten to fifteen thousand soldiers in a day. Once the corps fed twenty thousand. The peak of the load came in April and May; after that the numbers were slightly less. During the entire year from September, 1917, to September, 1918, one million, seven hundred thousand men stopped at the hut.

All this was accomplished with the members working in six hour shifts, ten on a shift. If no trains were going through, the shifts were called off. We still did everything ourselves, as in the early days. In warm weather when a train pulled in, the women carried the great cans and baskets out onto the benches in front of the hut, where the soldiers lined up and filed past. In cold weather they would come inside the hut. In spite of the fact that other canteens had given them apples

or doughnuts along the way, they always seemed glad to see our steaming cans.

After each shift was ended, such a scrubbing as there was of pots and tables, and sterilizing of cups, and general tidying-up to get the place in readiness for our successors! Then off we went across the tracks and up the hill to where the girls of the motor corps were waiting to take us home. One day we climbed the hill for the last time, for the armistice had been signed and the hut was closed; after that all returning troops were to come into the station.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Gulick had opened a canteen in the big room of the Presidential Suite in the station. The early shift fell to my lot, and the place used to look pretty dreary at eight o'clock in the morning, when we arrived; the only person ahead of us was a sloppy colored girl wiping out ash-trays or mopping up the floor of the kitchen. As it was still dark, we turned on the lights, got the morning paper from the news-stand, bought stamps from the post-office near by, arranged the information desk and lighted the gas range. Any coffee left over from the night before was heated up and new made, and the remaining doughnuts

taken out and put on trays. Presently the baker's man would come with the day's supply of bread, and before long stray soldiers or sailors would drift in to enjoy a bite of breakfast, get a cigarette, read the papers, or maybe write to their sweethearts.

Gradually the room would fill and the real work of the day begin. At the information desk all sorts of questions were asked. Of course most of the inquirers were men wanting to know about rooms or trains or entertainments, but occasionally a woman would come with her problems. One mother had journeyed all the way from Michigan to see her son, who had just returned wounded from overseas. Because of the influenza he had been quarantined at Walter Reed for two weeks, and she did not have money enough to wait that length of time. Washington was very crowded, but we managed to find her a room and arranged to have her admitted to the hospital with a nurse. Another mother came with the pathetic information that her son had died of the same epidemic in a camp, and she wanted to know where she could get a flag to cover his coffin. At last the influenza became so severe and deaths so frequent that we provided flags for that purpose.

A one-armed Italian who could hardly speak a word of English wandered in. We finally managed to make out that, while buying his ticket to Boston, he had laid twenty dollars down on the window-sill. When his back was turned for a moment some thief had stolen it, and disappeared right under the policeman's nose. We were only too glad to buy the poor fellow a ticket, and it is hoped he finally reached his destination safely.

There was a piano in the room and sometimes we had very good music. Once a soldier from overseas played exceptionally well, and sang some songs that he had composed himself. When I went over to compliment him, he explained that he was a professional musician when not in the army; just now, he said, he was in hospital, though on leave. I eagerly inquired about him of one of the women who had been at the canteen regularly; she startled me by saying, "Oh, we know him! He is in the insane asylum; he came back from the other side with shell shock — but he is n't very bad, so they let him come in town once a week." We soon became accustomed to these pathetic cases, many of whom stared and looked stupid and often refused to eat or talk. One night

in the first-aid room connected with the canteen, we had ten men in strait-jackets. It was said that there were more of these "war neurosis" cases in the American army than in any other; that it did not exist to such an extent among the French and English.

Often a telephone message would come from the Red Cross Headquarters or railroad officials that a trainload of wounded would be in and need a full meal. If the men could not leave the train and were going farther south, the girls would put the food on trucks and serve scrambled eggs, coffee, ice-cream, and the ever present pie. As the influenza spread, the workers who wished to do so put on masks while going through the trains. The corps happened upon one whole trainload of soldiers who had been so equipped themselves, and a grotesque sight they made, for some had pulled the masks down below the chins, and others had pushed them up above the eyes. When they learned that I had been working at the front, the boys were much interested and told me what battles they had been in and where they had been wounded, and what hospitals they had stayed at, and showed me their medals. Some

spoke a little French, nearly all joked, and considering they were ill, they proved a pretty jolly crowd.

If the wounded were able to leave the cars we would have several hundred in the canteen at once. In that case tables were pulled out, chairs set up, extra workers summoned, and a hearty meal of soup, meat, and potatoes ordered from the station restaurant. The men would hobble into the room or be brought in on stretchers or in wheel-chairs. Often they were utterly helpless and had to be fed. Then they would go cheerfully off to the hospital in the waiting ambulances, smiling and thanking the Red Cross ladies.

The same high spirits were also in evidence on their postcard correspondence, which in the early days we were required to read and censor before sending on, and occasionally to hold up for twenty-four hours lest the date of a transport sailing be revealed. Talking with so many of the men as I gave out cards and writing materials, I could but notice the innumerable varieties of broken English. Nor was all the quaintness in their spoken words; written, they provided even further novelties in the way of spelling and grammar.

There is much left for the cause of education to accomplish in this country, as the following show:

“Hello Girl —

Just had the feed bag tied on — sure did enjoy it — all well and having some time — I am still riding but enjoying my ride — going north on my way to Burlin.”

And here is another: “This is the life — we are having a great trip learning a great many things and seeing some wonderful sites on our way thru Washington.” Still another rookie rejoices in his travels: “The R. C. ladies are real nice to us — gave us these cards. Thought I would let you no were I was, old sport. If you dont here from me dont worry. The country around here is much nicer than Georgia I never want to go back there.” The food, too, came in for approving comment: “Was sorrow to hear at unckle Joe was ded, will rite again tell Daisy I am O K I ate Breakfast in one place and Dinner in another yesterday — a swell trip — the R C ladies gave us all kinds of Good things.” “I am all rite never no better hav- ing a good time all I want to eat.”

Nor was the publicity of a postcard any bar to endearments: “Helo Lottie Mae, I received your

letter and believe me it was as if a breeze from heaven blew it. I'm longing to see you — I wish these were real X X X X X. Be a good girl till we meet again." Another lover had the consoling thought, "The father from yo I'll get the nearer to Burlin." And this last is surely all that any girl could desire: "My dear sweetheart I hope this will find you and all in good health I will close with love to you my sweetheart from Your sweetheart."

And so the canteen carried on, until November, 1919, and I cannot say enough in praise of Mrs. Gulick, Miss Sheridan, Mrs. Duncan, and all the plucky hard-working women who made it such a success. It gave us a chance to do our bit, a pleasant experience and a valuable one. Looking back at the courageous and light-hearted men who came and were fed and stayed only to thank us, we also can say, in their own words, "This sure is a fine country, too!"

CHAPTER XI

A Topsy-Turvy Capital

THE declaration of war in April of 1917 — April seems to be our favorite month for going to war — had a very revolutionary effect upon Washington. Changes great and small began taking place immediately, and more and more of them as time went on, till you would scarcely have recognized the city.

These changes were, of course, reflected in the social life. The war created a perfect bedlam of new boards, and new people came from all parts of the United States and sprang into prominence overnight. Hundreds of trained men — scientists, financiers, surgeons, writers, inventors, creators from every walk of art and science and commerce — poured into Washington at the first call. They came to work at a quarter of their regular incomes, or even at a dollar a year, living in crowded quarters or in flimsy shacks, and shifting from pillar to post as the need arose. Although some of them worked hard during the day, they



BALL-ROOM, ANDERSON HOUSE, WASHINGTON



seemed to enjoy dining out in the evening, and old Washingtonians found it difficult to place the important ones at table according to their rank.

This matter of precedence is always one of the most discussed at any capital, for its recognition and consideration are as important to the etiquette of a capital city as the social life is necessary for the carrying on of its affairs. There seems to be a tendency nowadays to disregard such formalities — even a desire to show a sort of “independence” by not doing the right thing in such matters. But precedence and etiquette make for the dignity of person and respect for government, and are the outward and visible sign, not of the man, but of his office. In a republic I suppose there is likely to be an inclination to disregard this, although the Republic of France is as scrupulous as any monarchy in cherishing the dignity of government.

Much of this spirit of “independence” in our own country is really insincere. The scramble for decorations and the awed manner in which Americans have talked about foreign distinctions since the war began have been most amusing to Wash-

ingtonians, who for many years have understood the value of such honors. Abroad it is considered better to give a man a piece of ribbon, or a handle to his name and a high place at table, than to repay him in a money way by bonuses and pensions, or with an office for which he may be absolutely unfitted, to the disadvantage of the public service.

When ambassadors were first named to this country there was an almost undignified race between the British and French to be appointed first and so become doyen of the Diplomatic Corps. Lord Pauncefote succeeded and so carried that prestige for England. All ambassadors rank alike, but they "pass" according to the presentation of their letters of credence. Ministers plenipotentiary, no matter when appointed, have to follow newly arrived ambassadors, and cede precedence to them. These officials represent nations and so should be given priority on all possible occasions. When entertaining Americans, the Diplomatic Corps regards itself as one family and so gives them the highest places.

In the old days a Vice-President demanded to pass before ambassadors on the ground that he was "heir-apparent" to the President and so en-

titled to it, and this has been generally granted to be the case.

But there has always been difficulty — whatever the State Department might advise — in seating members of the Supreme Court, Senate, and Cabinet. Frequently it is wiser not to run any risk by inviting at the same time officials who may find fault with their places. Among individuals of each set, however, it is simple, for the Justices succeed the Chief Justice in order of their service, and Senators are ranked by groups according to their date of membership, while Cabinet members have a settled order, the Secretary of State being first.

New American officials, when they first come to Washington, do not seem either to know or to care about precedence, but it does not take them very long to become interested in the subject and to look about the table to see if they are being properly placed.

One of the men who helped the Administration run the war was Barney Baruch — Bernard M. Baruch. Like Baker, he is of German Jewish extraction, and like McAdoo, thin of lip and keen

of eye although very good-looking. He came into the limelight chiefly in connection with the "peace leak." As a dinner companion I found him extremely clever and agreeable.

Mr. Davison, head of the War Council for the American Red Cross, is famous for raising a huge sum of money for the organization when no one else thought it could be done. By profession he is a banker, and looks the typical American business man. I think he made an excellent representative of the Red Cross, and on the whole it was a great success. Of course, like any big organization, it fell down occasionally on tact and efficiency, but in general the spirit was good. While a few thought chiefly of decorations, the majority worked hard and unselfishly.

Mr. Hoover is also absolutely an American business-man type. A worker under him wrote me the following: "As I saw Mr. Hoover frequently in the Food Administration in Washington, I grew to have a tremendous personal admiration for him, and to understand, in a way, his great power of accomplishing things which at first sight looked impossible. Indeed, what he accomplished in the Food Commission would not, I believe,

have been possible for any other man — or for Mr. Hoover himself, without the prestige which his work in Belgium had given him. There was no department in Washington where there was such personal loyalty to its chief as there was in ours. This was all the more remarkable because Mr. Hoover has as little personal magnetism and as little companionability as any great executive I ever saw. His whole attention has been so absorbed by big things that he has disregarded many of the small amenities of life. To study him and watch his handling of any matter of importance gives one an insight into his broad grasp of the whole world situation. Yet it is all done with the greatest modesty. He has no time either to flatter himself or you, but you feel the idealism of the man, and I suppose it's that which fixes your loyalty. I believe that what he has done is as unselfish as any work a man could do."

There were a great many splendid and executive men, too many for me to mention, and a great deal of work was most successfully accomplished, but of course some war boards got unfavorable mention — perhaps justly — and Shipping and Aviation both received a deal of criticism first

and last. The investigation of the latter board resulted in clearing its members of dishonesty, but it convicted them of gross extravagance and inefficiency. The Shipping Board was far from being above reproach too, but it did succeed in getting some new vessels across the water, at any rate. (Though I know of one, at least, which broke down twelve times on its maiden voyage!)

The preliminaries of construction at Hog Island, Bristol Point, and Port Newark had been begun with speed and efficiency. All contracts for the erection of shipyards were drawn up by Colonel Goethals. Then everything slowed up and stopped. The contracts could not be signed. Washington red tape forbade it. There were changes, and counter-changes, and Goethals resigned. Four long months the contracts were held up. "Red Tape," some one complained bitterly, "is synonymous with sand in the cylinders!"

It was not until a year later, the spring of 1918, that one began to see results. We started north from Wilmington on Roxana and along the Delaware River were impressed by the many new ship-building plants. We were frankly surprised at the vast undertaking, but soon the wasteful

and extravagant programme was only too evident. The Navy Yard and Hog Island with its many huge ways, loomed up like the gigantic skeletons of mastodons. At Hog Island thirty-five ships were just begun, while on the opposite shore twenty-four torpedo-boat destroyers were in another plant. At Cramps', farther on, we noticed twenty-one destroyers under construction.

Wooden vessels were made so hurriedly that green lumber was used instead of seasoned wood, so with time they shrink or swell and become unsafe and practically worthless. The newspapers quoted Mr. Hurley as saying that it might cost the Government less in the end if the boats were all scrapped rather than finished.

Past the shipyards of Bridesburg and Bristol and many more, we came to Bordentown and entered the Delaware and Raritan Canal, which led us by many locks past Carnegie Lake and the well-kept farms of the Holy Jumpers, into the Raritan River. Cruising downstream toward New York, we saw a vast acreage of lowland with many storehouses built at a tremendous expense for munitions — later the scene of an awful explosion.

Continuing our way northward, the story was always the same; plant after plant, some with ships barely begun, some where they had been finished for months, but were still waiting for orders. At New London serried rows of submarines, scores of them, were tied nose to the bank along the river, and we came across several curious concrete vessels. A mother ship for seaplanes was a novel sight in Narragansett Bay — she reminded me of a nurse shark with the sucking pilot-fish upon her back. At the stern on inflated runners was a wingless plane, while roundabout on the water were several with wings, ready for use. Close by floated endless gray men-of-war, and numberless torpedo destroyers with the names of naval heroes painted on their sides and service stripes upon their funnels.

Nearing Boston, we came to the largest ship-building area of all, that at Squantum. There under one glass roof alone — and that a single plant among many — thirty acres of construction work was going on.

From the autumn of 1917 to the spring of 1918 I was, as I have said, in France, but letters from

various sources kept me more or less in touch with conditions at home. A few brief extracts will serve to give some impression of how things were going.

September. "Confusion worse confounded. Chaos indeed reigns here."

October. "Washington is jammed — you feel it the moment you arrive — everybody is crowding in and rents have gone sky-high. There are no rooms in the hotels or boarding-houses or anywhere, and people seem to be camping in the parks. It is a fine autumn, but too cold for the season."

November. "There is little going on among the old Washingtonians and a mob of new people are overrunning the place. It makes one sick and dizzy to realize that the old distinguished, delightful Washington has disappeared, never to return.

"The poor foreign officers — seventy-five smart-looking young Frenchmen among them — have absolutely no place to go nor anything to do. So far we seem to have failed to take advantage of them as military instructors. Things are getting more and more mixed here, rather than straightening out. The new and inexperienced

men with tremendous autocratic powers are playing the very devil with business and everything else. There must have been another 'leak' yesterday, for the stock market took a terrible tumble. To-day comes bad news from Italy — somebody knew it ahead of the others."

December. "A sunny, cold day out of doors, and cold indoors, too, for the coal famine has caused suffering everywhere to everybody — due, no doubt, to some incompetent, for all the way from the Middle West last week I saw lines of cars filled with coal waiting for God knows what. The trains, too, are jammed with people wildly journeying about, but when things are at sixes and sevens, one has to be satisfied to pull through at all.

"Prohibition has recently come in, and although we are not supposed to drink, nevertheless cocktail parties are rampant both inside and outside of the District line. *C'est la guerre!* What will be the future of the Capital? It may actually be difficult to find diplomats willing to come to Washington to reside, for these men are used to wines in their own country. They will hardly want to import their liquor, since it is against the American

law, and they will have no entertainments to go out to but such as are dry and dull. During the past years it has become very evident that opportunities for the interchange of ideas, the informal give-and-take of casual discussion, such as should exist in a national capital, have been slowed up. And now it looks as if the knell of social life here had really been sounded."

Another friend wrote to me about this time: "Prohibition has been forced on us. Washington has repeatedly sought representation in Congress, but has repeatedly been denied it, and the American capital is governed in an un-American way, taxation without representation, and all its laws and regulations made without consideration for those who must live under them. The Commissioners have been lately very unsatisfactory. President Taft and President Roosevelt had the good of Washington at heart, and through Fine Arts Commissions and in many other ways have sought to develop its beautiful opportunities. Senator McMillan, who for many years was chairman of the Senate Committee on District Affairs, sent commissioners abroad to study foreign municipal methods for the benefit

of the Capital, and Rock Creek Park is a memorial to his foresight and public service. But the recent Commissioners seem to care little for it, and have announced that the city is to be 'socialized,' not 'beautified.' The effect of this practice has not been to the advantage of Washington. Indeed, lately there seems to have been even animus in legislation concerning the District, and radical taxation has been put over, so that the collections are greater than the needs of the community warrant."

"Travel is almost impossible," writes my correspondent on the 5th of January. "They have taken off trains, and those which do run are hours late; some of them take twelve hours going from here to New York. Diners, sleepers, and chair cars have gone into the discard."

January 28. "It snowed last night and is colder than ever. We have only the edge of the blizzard here, but it is bad enough, for this is a 'heatless day.' All the stores and office buildings are closed. Washington is so crowded that you have to give rooms to almost any comers. There are thousands more arriving daily who are only in the way and clog conditions."

January 30. "Here it is snowing again; on top of the worst weather of twenty years comes this new storm, and after the most unprecedented cold spell of almost two months! The roads are blocked and there is no coal. We are down low, our fuel is almost gone, while some have none at all. Yesterday I heard that the poor revolutionary Russian Ambassador has had to give up his house because he could n't meet his bills; to-day when I was out I saw them taking the coal from his house and sending it, I suppose, to some one who can pay for it. I felt like grabbing some of it myself."

We returned to Washington in June, and found that as time went on, conditions had become, if anything, worse. Houses were still full as beehives, with the war workers continuing to stream into town; girls of all sorts — some pretty and some ugly, some ladies and some toughs, some from town and some from country — a river of females that flowed from the offices at four-thirty, spread into every crevice of the city. Numbers of them had little to do but sit idly at desks all day and be paid by the Government; most of their money poured into their landladies' pock-

ets, but what was left apparently went for silk stockings and high-heeled shoes.

Houses were commandeered, and lawsuits to get rid of tenants so that more profitable ones could be put in were an every-day occurrence. People rushed back to Washington from all corners of the earth to save their homes from being taken by the Government. During October you hardly dared leave for a moment, for while you were away a blue sign might be put up, saying that the house had been commandeered. A woman we knew gave her two servants a holiday and went out to luncheon; during her absence the key of her front door was procured and Government agents let themselves in, went all over the place, and put up the signs. Fortunately she could prove that she did war work and expected to have her bedrooms filled in a few days with others in service, so her house was given back to her.

It seemed as if the committee on housing "had it in" for the Northwest part of town, for there were a number of unoccupied dwellings in other sections. Investigators even went to small apartments. Owners returned and put their tenants out; sometimes the tenants refused to be put out.

Such a time as there was here could not have been believed possible.

In the twinkling of an eye servants became as extinct as the dodo, and not even fossils remained. Most of them either became war workers or gave up working altogether. Wages for the few that remained, soared. Bolshevism began to appear.

Then there were spies, and stories of spies, to add to the excitement. It was discovered that a very prominent official in Washington employed a butler and his wife who were also in the employ of the German Government. The police went to the house to arrest them, but the mistress begged so hard that they might be allowed to stay through a dinner party she happened to be giving that her request was granted. As a result, of course, both of them escaped and were never found.

On another occasion the secret service men went to the opposite extreme and were over-cautious. My husband entered a newspaper office one day with a friend who had charge of a Government department. Some stirring news had just come in and the editor with whom they talked told them all about it. When they came out, L. asked his friend if he wanted to stop and look at

the bulletin board where the headlines were just being written down. Being in a hurry, Mr. X. answered rather emphatically, "No, I don't want to read it." When they reached the machine at the curb, two secret service men held him up and demanded what he meant by not wanting to read that news — did he disapprove of what the President had done? Before they would let him go, Mr. X. had to explain who he was, and why he did not want to stop to read the bulletin!

Something happened in Boston about that time which I have never heard explained. While German submarines were known to be lurking off the Massachusetts coast, the sailing of five transports was heralded to the world by all the horns and whistles and bells for miles around. At one time or another the secret service there tried to have various suspects reported for internment, but two city officials blocked a number of the reports so they did not reach Washington. These men were finally removed.

And there were other criticisms too. The failure to care for wounded soldiers landing at a certain port from overseas became a scandal — trainloads of them were left for hours without food and with-

out a single nurse to help the maimed. We were not the only delinquents in that respect, for I hear the same thing happened to returning Canadian soldiers. But that did not excuse us. It was sheer mismanagement, for some of our men were fed eight times on a short journey. Indeed they were as a whole superlatively well cared for.

On top of everything else the plague of influenza struck the city. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been bad enough, but with the crowded conditions here it was terrible beyond description.

I attended five funerals in a week, three military ones in a single day at Arlington. And such sad ones — a British army officer, an American naval officer, and a nurse. This last, a beautiful young girl of twenty-one, had been nursing at a camp, her father was fighting in France, and she was an only child. The British officer's funeral was quite pathetic — no family, few friends — buried in a lonely spot in a strange country. At the naval officer's funeral the weeping fiancée made it seem specially heart-breaking. From the cemetery gate the slow procession winding up the hill, with the autumn leaves rustling in the sun-

shine, the Potomac shining in the distance, and the smoke rising over the city, the tramp of the soldiers, the solemn military music, the black group at the grave, the bugler blowing taps, the firing of the last volley, the solemn words of the minister, the thud of the grave-diggers — and then only a patch of gay flowers left there on the hillside.

The army dispensary, I heard, was swamped with work, so I went down to see if I could help. It was crowded, chiefly by girls from the different Government departments who needed treatment. The woman at the desk wore a white mask. Doctors were examining people in the different rooms. I was asked to attend to the telephone. Messages poured in — “Jenny Andrews, ordnance department; has not been on duty for two days; please have her looked up, as she may be ill.” “Daisy Irwin, very ill; quartermaster department; must have immediate attention.”

Visiting nurses returned with reports: “Four girls turned out by their landlady, one off on a junket.” “Seven girls in a room, each paying forty dollars a month rent; three in a bed, one with pneumonia, no attention.” Hospitals all

filled, few nurses, few doctors, drugstores mostly sold out; rumors that aspirin had been tampered with by the Germans; wild rumors — four doctors in camp found to be traitors, poisoned sweaters given to the army; poisoned socks I know to be absolutely a fact. So many people died they could n't be buried; the bodies could n't be shipped; the simplest funeral cost a fortune.

The dispensary became so crowded that the visiting nurses were transferred to a schoolhouse. Volunteers were called for. People offered their motors and were asked to investigate cases. Those who had had some experience did district nursing, so I offered my services. Such a variety of people and places as I was sent to!

Officer's family, for instance — three ill; the wife met me at the door, said her husband was better, but the two children were still very sick; however, they had been able to get a doctor and a nurse, so I gave them the telephone number in case another nurse was needed, and left.

The next house on my list was full of war workers, all more or less ill, and one girl dying. Two other girls were sleeping in the same room, as they had nowhere else to go. I made up her bed,

bathed her, and combed her hair, got a hot-water bottle and the medicines, and went into the kitchen and warmed some milk for her. The doctor was there and said he would return later, and a fellow worker promised to stay with her. The landlady was kind and doing everything she could. I wrote down my report, "Nurse needed daily." They had not had one before, and begged me to stay, but unfortunately I could not.

My third address turned out to be a hovel, a colored shack in the slums of Washington, but there was crape on the door, so I went on, this time to a house in the fashionable quarter, but I did not stop there either, for the patient was a rich girl war worker who was well taken care of. Orders were not to stop unless absolutely necessary — the nurses had so many to visit, they were not even expected to clean up, but I always tried to do that.

Another address took me to the outskirts of the town — a small corner store behind which I found a filthy room with dirty linen all about, occupied by an emaciated woman who looked as if she had consumption. In the other room, the kitchen, her husband was ill in bed with double pneumonia.

As usual, I took the pulse, temperature and respiration, then proceeded to clean up the two rooms, gathering up all the dirty linen and putting it on the porch, sweeping out the rooms and washing the dishes. There was only one clean sheet left in the house, and not enough bedclothes. A sixteen-year-old girl, the daughter, who looked rather like a defective, came in, and a child with a bad cough; the family was apparently poor white trash. They were all too ill to think or talk very much, but had had a doctor, though no nurse. I cooked up something for them to eat, and went on.

My next card read "urgent." I ran into what might have been a boarding-house, near the Capitol. No one answered my ring, but that was not unusual. I called, but got no answer. The house seemed empty. Thinking I heard a sound inside, I opened the door and went in. Upstairs I found a sitting-room, very dirty, and filled with bottles, glasses, and cigar ashes. I wondered what kind of a place it could be. A bedroom opened from it, and in bed there lay a pretty young girl very ill with influenza. She told me that she had only been in town a couple of days, and that her landlady worked in a Government office, so that she

was out. Like most of the newcomers, this girl was short of everything but flimsy lingerie and silk stockings. I thought the landlady was probably disreputable, and was getting quite excited about it, when she came in and to my surprise I found her a very nice Southern woman who promised to do everything for the girl. So I knew she was at least all right for the night. What the doctor decided next day I never heard.

A little Jewish couple interested me especially; he was devoted to his young wife and took entire care of her; their rooms were as neat as could be. But he seemed utterly exhausted, and so I asked that a nurse should be sent there daily.

I was reporting at headquarters when a man came in and said two brothers, friends of his, were dangerously ill. The matron asked me to go at once with him to the house where they lived. I found one patient quite out of his head and the other dying. An old woman was taking care of them very inadequately. While I was there the doctor arrived and declared they would both die. It was too late to send them to a hospital, even if he could get them in, which was almost an impossibility. I bathed them and put clean sheets

on the bed. The man who was delirious insisted on my showing him his new derby hat, which he never had a chance to wear, poor fellow. It was in this place that I first put on a mask, for they had the influenza very virulently.

Some of the cases, even in their desperation, had a grotesque side. A nurse on arriving at a lodging-house was greeted by the landlady with a torrent of oaths. She said all the people there were sick, and no help of any kind could she get — why had n't the nurse appeared before? The girl tried to explain that there were so many ill that it had been impossible for her to arrive sooner, ending, "I have been extremely busy."

"Busy?" cried the woman, "busy?" She pointed through the window. "Do you see that funeral just leaving for the cemetery? Well, I am so busy I can't go to my own husband's funeral!"

Because of my experience at the front and also during the epidemic, I found it difficult to give up work entirely, and after the influenza was over visited some of the hospitals around Washington in the hope of being able to help in one way or another.

The Government was sending its worst cases of

war neurosis, or "shell shock," to Saint Elizabeth's, the District of Columbia hospital for the insane, which was the subject of much discussion and investigation. I had visited so many institutions on the other side and on this that I was interested to see for myself how things were going, and asked a good many questions of Red Cross men, officials, and patients regarding the management. I went through a number of the wards where some of the most critical cases lay, and into the private rooms and parlors, and through the kitchens. In such a huge establishment the continual stream of arrivals from overseas and consequent overcrowding caused one to make allowances.

Certainly the food needed improvement, however, and there should have been more attendants to take the men out of doors for air and exercise. At that time no attempt had been made to give the patients work or handicraft diversions. They were not employed in gardening, though there were large and beautiful grounds through which those who were well enough could roam about and play games. It did seem as if Saint Elizabeth's, of all places, most needed occupational therapy.

Many hospitals were badly in need of ambulances, but this one must have been the worst off of all, for even in war-time it had only one, and that drawn by a pair of old horses.

But those were difficult days, and both military and civilian hospitals were so crowded that one should not be too critical. At the Walter Reed, where wounded soldiers came pouring in, I heard several complaints. The men grumbled because they had to be operated on, willing or not, if the surgeons said so — the alternative was court-martial. One trouble was that the doctors shifted frequently, and the diagnoses varied accordingly. Another was that surgeons who had not been overseas were loath to use the Dakin solution as freely as the French hospitals had been employing it. It was much more trouble and perhaps not so well understood, but fortunately it finally came into more general use. As time went on conditions everywhere became better.

We often piled the motor high with small gifts, fruit and homemade jams, magazines and postal cards, and other things that soldiers like, and drove to the hospitals. I generally went to the isolated barracks where no one was allowed to visit,

ordinarily, but I had secured permits for certain wards, for these patients especially needed gifts and cheery words. The consumptives, poor, weak, white-faced things, were out on the piazza in beds, but more pathetic than they — indeed, most pathetic of all — were the shell-shock cases.

A boy came into the station canteen one day who said he had just left the hospital, which he guessed was “a Christian Science establishment,” because he had been sent there to be treated for rheumatism and all they had done for him was to give him a bed. Now he had just been discharged, no better than when he went in. It is, of course, possible that more had been done for him than he realized.

Of quite another sort were my experiences with the wounded soldiers on Colonel Thompson's houseboat, Everglades. During good weather this was used daily to give the doughboys an outing. Nearly all of them had come from overseas, some on stretchers, bandaged, legless or armless, for further treatment at the Walter Reed. As fast as their wounds healed they were fitted out with arms and legs, and those who were well enough were given trips down the river. Fifty or more

would arrive at the dock in an electric car and hobble aboard the houseboat, where they could sit or lie about on the broad deck in the sunshine and enjoy the scenery as they glided down the Potomac.

There were always several women on hand to talk with them, play games, and serve luncheon. This meal consisted of bowls of oyster soup, ham sandwiches, coffee, pies, candies, apples, and cigarettes. There was plenty of everything and I never in my life saw so much food disappear in such a short time. Besides cards, checkers, and games for the soldiers' amusement, there were magazines and newspapers, and of course the ever-present phonograph.

My fate fell to a man from Alabama, a cheerful soul who talked with such a Southern accent I could hardly understand him. He understood how to play checkers, however, and beat me badly several times. He was minus an arm, and had not acquired an artificial one — probably his stump had not yet healed. We did not get on the subject of the war, but conversed principally about games of which he said he was pretty tired, he had played so much in the hospitals. We were joined by a

blond soldier — rather a dandy with a gold ring and wrist watch — who talked with a foreign accent. He proved to be an Italian from New York and we discussed the war in French. As he knew several languages he hoped to get a position with the Government as translator. Most of the returned soldiers wanted to go into the civil service — it paid better, they said. One of the boys had a rubber hand such as I had not seen before.

Although they seemed to like to tell you all about their wounds, on the whole they were not as communicative as the *poilus*, who would at once give you their names and ask yours and display pictures of their families. Our boys asked few questions, and it was like pulling teeth to get much out of them.

A soldier from Oklahoma, however, did tell me about a battle in which he had been separated from the Americans and found himself fighting with the Algerians, and finally was left entirely alone beside one. They prowled around together and poked into a dugout. The Algerian called out in bad French and asked if any one was there. Up came three Boche officers. The Algerian insisted upon killing them at once, saying that he

never took Germans alive. One of the officers spoke very good English, for he had lived for seven years in New York, and he begged the soldier from Oklahoma to spare his life. The Algerian took all their belongings, weapons, watches, and money and divided them with the American, who finally succeeded in persuading him not to kill their prisoners, and they all started back toward the rear. On the way, however, the Oklahoma man got hit in the shoulder by a shell, and when a French stretcher-bearer arrived and took him off to the hospital the others disappeared and he never saw or heard of them afterwards. But he still treasured a gold watch which had belonged to one of their prisoners.

As we docked, the unwieldy houseboat smashed into the wharf, making a great hole in her side. It caused a lot of noise and jolting, but nobody got excited and the soldiers limped ashore, happy and well fed.

The autumn days were golden. The clock was set back, and the days shortened. The twinkling lights on gay F Street gave glimpses of khaki uniforms and the dark blue-black of the naval officers with their gold braid and the French horizon blue,

with a touch of flame color on the collars of the Britishers from the home office. Restaurants were filled and canteens, and there was always the lively sound of music issuing forth from phonographs.

Then one day extras were called out, with the amazing news that the armistice was signed. What a celebration! Trucks were filled with office workers, and every one who had a motor decorated it and drove up and down Pennsylvania Avenue. The sidewalks were crowded with people blowing horns, banging tin pans, dancing and shouting. Girls knocked off sailors' hats and threw confetti. It was a wild scene, but a jolly, good-natured crowd.

Processions were formed, with many amusing signs. One group carried a coffin with the inscription, "The Kaiser's Gone to Hell." Another group had a stuffed figure of His Imperial Majesty which was pelted with stones, and finally strung up to a lamp-post to the delight of the cheering people. Great bonfires were started, and flashlights played on flying machines, and everybody was happy beyond words that peace had come.

CHAPTER XII

Royalties Arrive

WITH the signing of the armistice we hoped that some, at least, of our troubles were over, but it was not long before we began to realize that many difficulties, both at home and abroad, remained to be met and settled. Besides the gigantic problems of the peace table, the great social unrest that had been kept under some sort of control while we were at war broke out everywhere in the form of violence, agitation, and secret propaganda. Boston alone suffered from four public-service strikes within a few months — telephone, street-car, railroad, and police. Prices soared instead of falling, and matters grew worse rather than better.

Some people felt that the President should have stayed at home and tried to straighten things out instead of going off to France, but others agreed with him that his higher duty lay there rather than here. At any rate, as a humorous versifier put it,

“Then who should go with courage high
To sit in conclave at Versailles —
And stick his finger in the pie?
But Woodrow!”

When Wilson first reached France he was welcomed royally, but as time went on his popularity seemed to wane. People here at home did not understand exactly what the League of Nations was all about, and Senators especially questioned some of the fourteen points and refused to give him the backing he wanted. So he returned to America for a short stay in order to explain his views.

The day the President landed in Boston, I happened to be working in the Army and Navy Canteen on the Common, where crowds were gathering to see him drive past and perhaps get a glimpse of the much-talked-of deerskin coat made for him by admiring Virginians, or of Mrs. Wilson's new red Paris hat. The soldiers who were eating in the canteen, however, showed no interest in the procession that was to pass so near them, and when I inquired, out of curiosity, if they were going to vote for Wilson next term, each and every one replied, “No, I want a Republican.”

When I asked whom they would prefer, they did n't seem to know, but stuck to it that he must be a Republican.

As there was little doing in the canteen, the hostess allowed me to go out and see what was happening. Squirring into the thick of the crowd, I managed to get within two or three rows of the curb, a position from which I could at least see the sharpshooters on the roofs opposite hiding behind the chimneys, evidently put there to protect the President in case of rioting. Some tough boys standing near me in the crowd were very entertaining with their slangy speech, and I amused myself comparing the language of Ade's fables of twenty years ago with that of to-day. "Oh, boy!" "How'd you get that way?" "You've said a trunkful — express yourself!" were a few of their remarks. I was just concluding that Mr. Ade had a lot to learn when there was a shove and a rush and a gallop of horses, and hats came off, and people stood on their toes and cheered. But I only saw the top of the President's gray head, as the motor passed.

Boston is rather a skeptical city, and Mr. Wilson was welcomed with more enthusiasm than I

had anticipated. I found that people who had n't cared much for him before were rather pleased with him after this visit, especially if they had heard his speech. On the whole, he left a very good impression.

Accounts received later from Washington indicated that he met with less success there than in Boston. His explanations of the League of Nations did not fully explain, and some of the Senators, especially Lodge, were still dissatisfied. After a short stay he returned to France.

The following summer, in the midst of a tranquil cruise along the Maine coast, a cablegram arrived which caused us much discussion. It was from the Belgian Ambassador, who was abroad at the time, asking if our house in Washington could be made ready at once and servants left there, so that it might be used, during the visit of the King and Queen to this country, as the Belgian Embassy. The Ambassador had only just been promoted from Minister, and his previous house, though it had been large enough for a legation, would not do for an embassy.

Of course we should have been more than delighted to have answered "yes" to his question,



GALLERY, ANDERSON HOUSE, WASHINGTON

and tried to think of some way to do so. But the house was closed, the servants were all in Brookline, and it happened that we were without a housekeeper. It would have meant getting in a score of extra servants — and who could lay hands on so many at a moment's notice? So altogether it was not possible, greatly to our regret.

As it turned out, however, Their Majesties did not go directly to Washington as had been planned, but on account of the President's illness they went instead to Boston and then West, visiting the Capital at the very last, just before they left the country.

This change of programme naturally complicated matters somewhat. Among other things it made their Boston stay fall on a Sunday, so that the King was unable to visit the manufacturing plants which he had wished particularly to see. It happened also that Cardinal Mercier was in town that day. In the forenoon the Royal family went to the cathedral, lunched at the Copley-Plaza, received a committee of Belgian Relief and other war workers, and motored out to Harvard, where the King received a degree. L. had been asked to help in the arrangements for their reception, and

we were both invited to join the Governor and Mayor and their wives in receiving the guests at the station and accompanying them during the day.

It had been planned that, after the Royal party left Harvard, they should drive over to Weld for a cup of tea and a few minutes of much-needed rest. You can imagine how excited our household was and how we rubbed and scrubbed and put out all our best things, including, of course, our Belgian souvenirs — the piece of ironwork from the Cloth Hall of Ypres, a signboard of Ramscapelle where I went just behind the front-line trenches with General Drubbel; and last, but not least, the handkerchief which the Queen had given me in La Panne one day when I had lost mine!

But all our efforts came to a sad end, for just a few hours before Their Majesties' arrival a telegram arrived telling of the sudden death of a member of the family. We sat up all night changing our plans and writing messages, for we had to leave on the first train for the Middle West. The big round cake, with its Belgian colors and "Welcome" on the icing, was sent in with flowers to the Royal private car with explanations and

apologies. The streets about our place were lined that day with motors, we heard, all filled with eager people, who, alas, had to go away disappointed.

After the exercises at Sanders Theater the Royal party motored to President Lowell's house for tea, instead. The story goes that in the confusion no one had thought to tell Mrs. Lowell that they were coming, so the maids had all been allowed to go out to see the procession. Consequently, when the Royalties arrived there was no tea until the hostess and her friends rushed into the kitchen and served it themselves. It was a pity our cake had not been sent there instead of to the train!

After a look at the Public Library, the party drove back to the station, and were soon on their way West. In honor of Mr. Brand Whitlock Their Majesties stopped at Toledo, and afterwards were guests of the Hoovers and Blisses in California. Later, members of their suite told me that they had enjoyed this part of their trip particularly, notwithstanding some of the funny receptions they encountered at the hands of radical mayors who were holding office in some of the smaller

Middle West communities. Only in New York and Washington did officials of the National Government receive them; elsewhere the local authorities did the honors. The personnel of the party changed from time to time, but Mr. and Mrs. Brand Whitlock went with them throughout the trip, as did the military and naval aides, General Wright and Admiral Long, and the Belgian Ambassador, as well as "Bill" Nye, the famous secret service man who travels with Royalty.

From time to time photographs appeared in our papers which showed the King and Queen in swimming, the King and Queen in flying machines, or the King driving the engine of his train. These diversions must have been a welcome change from the formalities which they encountered on every hand.

While Their Majesties were in the West we had time to go on to Washington and get the house opened. Cardinal Mercier we had the pleasure of meeting at a reception given in his honor at the Belgian Embassy. The entrance of Cardinal Mercier and Cardinal Gibbons through the halls and rooms was most impressive, with a proces-

sion of servants bearing lighted candles while the guests who were already there bowed and curtsied. The Cardinals, with their scarlet robes and caps and venerable gray hair, among the black-gowned priests and diplomats attending, made a vivid picture. It was most interesting to compare the two great personages of the church — Cardinal Gibbons, in his eighties, small and very old, his fine face full of the wisdom of age; Mercier, tall, imposing, full of a princely graciousness and kindness, with the spirit of God shining in his eyes.

As no reigning European monarch had ever been in this country before, one may imagine the excitement and general mix-up when the Belgians reached Washington. From what I gathered, the Belgian Ambassador had his ideas on the subject of arrangements, the State Department had others, and the Royalties themselves had, of course, to be consulted.

Mr. Long, in the State Department, was, supposedly, running things, and got the nickname — undeservedly, I think — of “Mr. Wrong”; this at least distinguished him from Admiral Long, the King’s naval aide, but made a chance for the

jokers because the military aide bore the name of Wright. Mr. Long's house on Sixteenth Street was given over to the sovereigns and called the annex of the White House.

The Belgian Embassy took in some of the suite, and the military members were given to us. Delightful guests they were, too. One of them was General Baron Jacques, the hero of Liège, though we soon found that he preferred to talk, not about this war, but of the days of his youth when he had gone on an exploring expedition to the Congo. He was a genial man, covered with decorations. Two of the group were old friends of mine — Major Dujardin, who had married a beautiful widow with whom I had lived when a nurse at La Panne, and Lieutenant Goffinet, who having lost an eye was also at Ocean Hospital.

The night Their Majesties arrived, our canteen workers gathered in the President's suite at the station. All the way from the train to the motor, soldiers were lined up, and many high officials assembled to greet the guests. As the Royal party descended from the train, a procession was formed, the King leading with the Vice-President, then the Queen and the Duke and the other

members of the suite. The Queen wore a soft gray silk gown, covered with a long blue coat with a squirrel collar, and a small gray turban.

As they passed through the big room we curtisied and applauded. Now Her Majesty did not know that I was a canteen worker, so she was not expecting to see me there; moreover, we were in uniform, and all looked more or less alike. It shows how quick and clever she is in recognizing people, for when she saw me she stopped for a moment to give her hand before passing on. I can well understand why it is that people love her, for she does know how to do the tactful and gracious thing.

It was after dark when Their Majesties arrived, and they drove at once to the Capitol, which had been illumined in their honor by hidden lights. It was lovely beyond words, gleaming silvery white against the velvety-black night sky. A costumed choir gathered on each side of the great steps singing Belgian songs, while in the center two pretty girls dressed as America and Belgium clasped hands.

Next morning, on our way to sign in Their Majesties' books, as is the custom abroad, we

noticed that the streets were lined with school-children waiting for the King and Queen to drive past on their way to the Senate. As we entered the "King's House," State-Department officials and servants were scuttling about in the hall, and there was a general air of confusion. When we inquired about the King's book, nobody seemed to know exactly what was meant. While we were waiting another American Minister arrived to pay his respects, and he also asked for the volume. After lengthy explanations on both sides, a piece of paper was brought, and all of us wrote our names on that.

On the table was a bunch of forget-me-nots that L., knowing them to be the Queen's favorite flower, had procured for her with much trouble, since it was not the season for forget-me-nots. We could n't help wondering whether, in the general mix-up, she ever saw them.

Mr. Gillett, the Speaker of the House, had been good enough to give us a couple of seats in the Speaker's Pew in the front row of the balcony, so we got there early and watched the other galleries fill and the Congressmen take their seats down on the floor. They had brought their chil-

dren with them, an undignified proceeding, for the youngsters were noisy and romped about between the benches.

Suddenly the doors of the gallery opposite to us were thrown open and the Queen, dressed in white and wearing the usual turban, entered, followed by her lady-in-waiting, Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Gillett, and several ambassadors. Everybody stood up and clapped, and she smiled and bowed. Soon the King entered on the floor, escorted by the Speaker and followed by his suite all in their handsome regalia. In his fine, brief speech of welcome Mr. Gillett described him, very aptly, as the "kingliest of men and manliest of kings." His Majesty made a splendid appearance as he stood there in uniform on the platform, so tall and good-looking and blond. His address was in English — I had forgotten he spoke with so Flemish an accent — and was received with an astonishing amount of enthusiasm for a Democratic house.

After the speeches the Congressmen were invited to shake hands with His Majesty, and they gathered about him higgledy-piggledy, with their children in tow. One of the Belgians told me that

the Senate reception was more dignified, and that no such scene as we witnessed could have happened in the Chamber of Deputies in any other country. But I remember, rather consolingly, having seen both the French and Belgian Chambers with their socialistic members get quite unruly at times, the men jumping up in their seats, waving their arms, and shouting wildly.

There was a great crowd outside the Capitol waiting to see the King and his *entourage*. As they came down the long flight of steps, he made such a conspicuous target that I could not help thinking how easy it would have been for an anarchist to take a shot at him. This was, of course, only one of many such occasions, and it showed, to my mind, what an extraordinarily brave man he is, for it must take more courage to face a crowd like that, in these unsettled days, than to be under fire in a trench. Later, though, when I put that question to the Prince of Wales, who had encountered both perils many times, he disagreed with me. At the front, he said, he had expected to be killed at any moment, but in a throng he never thought of danger.

I suppose because there were so many fingers in



THE KING OF THE BELGIANS

the Royal pie, the King's engagements got pretty well mixed up. He did, however, accept the invitation of the Alibi Club for supper, although both the State Department and the Belgian Embassy tried to discourage his doing so. The club, which is famous for its lively suppers, had entertained him twenty years before when he was here as Prince Albert. It is a small and rather Bohemian organization of men who are hail-fellow-well-met, and the King is said to have thoroughly enjoyed this break-away.

For entertainment, Nick Longworth sang some of his amusing songs, among them the "Funeral of an Austrian General," in which he imitates the salvos of artillery by sitting on the lower end of the keyboard of the piano, and puffing out smoke. The club also thoughtfully procured, with considerable difficulty, some beer for the King, which he must have particularly appreciated after his long drought.

Admiral Long told me that King Albert was very fond of flying, and seemed to have no sense of fear whatever. In a recent flight in a seaplane, he had asked the pilot to do some very dangerous stunts. Seaplanes are not meant for stunting, for

they are much heavier than landplanes and differently balanced, the engine being over the passengers instead of in front of them. The pilot realized all this, knew the danger involved, and did not want to take the risk, but the King had asked it, and he felt that he must obey the Royal wish at any cost, so stunt he did. Fortunately everything went well, and his passenger seemed to enjoy it thoroughly.

While they were on Long Island, the Admiral said, His Majesty had been given a very fast car to drive, and made the most of the opportunity by his breakneck speeding.

In manner the King is simple, unaffected, and genuine. If he had not been born a prince he could have been an engineer, for he has a natural bent in that direction. Unlike his keen and business-like uncle, the late King Leopold, Albert is a deliberate thinker, one who patiently studies things out and takes his time about reaching conclusions. This quality, combined with a strong progressiveness, makes him an excellent ruler. In a country where the Catholic Church is very powerful, his influence has been liberalizing — he has put socialists into the Cabinet with the clericals. But I

think his real democracy is best shown by the fact that he has sent his sons to one of the big schools in England.

“It is good,” he said, “for boys to play football and get their shins kicked by other boys.”

My next glimpse of Queen Elizabeth came in connection with the Cavell-Depage committee of war workers, whom she had consented to receive. A few months before, Dr. Depage had asked me, just as he was leaving America, to start committees in Boston and Washington to raise money to help in building an international hospital in Brussels in memory of Edith Cavell and of his wife.

Marie Depage, it will be remembered, had organized the huge Ocean Hospital at La Panne for her husband, who was head of the Belgian Red Cross, and had then come over to America to lecture and raise funds to carry on the work. Her efforts were very successful, and she was returning home on the *Lusitania* when it was torpedoed. The last seen of her she was bandaging a wounded fireman. Her body was recovered, and from my window in La Panne I could see her grave in the lovely white sand-dunes overlooking the blue sea.

It happened that I had also known Edith

Cavell; for while in Brussels I sometimes went to the British nurses' home, where I met and talked with her. She remains in my memory as a quiet little woman of gentle breeding, with delicate features and a serene composure of manner. Prince de Croy, of the Belgian Embassy, told our committee the story of her dangerous work; his sister had been condemned to ten years' imprisonment by the Boches for aiding her, and so he had first-hand information.

“When the Germans occupied Belgium,” he said, “there was no army left to stop their onrush, so they spread very quickly all over the country. People were being hidden everywhere — some even in holes in the woods — and they were having a very bad time. When the Germans found men in civilian clothes, they regarded them as spies and shot them. Three British soldiers escaped from a mill where they had been hiding; there were twelve other soldiers, but the Germans caught them and stood them against a wall and shot them. The three men who escaped sought refuge in my home.

“One day a message came that a British colonel was hiding in the neighborhood, so we searched

and finally, with great difficulty, found his place of concealment. But the people there told me that he had gone to Brussels, to Miss Cavell's nursing home. It was then that I met her for the first time. She was offering hospitality to those who came to her home and helping them to escape to Holland, young girls often acting as their guides, and she told me that if she could be of further assistance she would be only too pleased to lend her house and service to the cause.

“No praise could be too great for the kind way in which she treated the men, some of whom were still in hiding nearly a year after the Germans had come into the country. She sheltered not only British, but Belgians, French, and Russians, and in one day had twenty-one Irish soldiers there in her house. Finally, rumors of her services began to leak out, and the German spies heard about her. One day a man came to our door as an escaped French officer. We hesitated about taking him in, but his story seemed plausible, so we kept him a couple of days and then sent him on to Brussels, where he went to Miss Cavell's. She helped him across the frontier, but later we were surprised to find him again in Belgium; he explained that he

had been sent back on a special mission by the French military *attaché* in Holland, but we were suspicious and had as little to do with him as possible. Later it was discovered that he had been in prison for forgery, but had been liberated by the Germans on condition he would spy for them. He has since been tried in France and sentenced. It is the general opinion that he betrayed Miss Cavell.

“One morning in the end of July, 1915, I went to her house, and she told me the Germans had been there and made a general search. ‘I’m afraid I am going to have trouble,’ she said, ‘and you had better not come back here any more. You will probably be followed when you leave.’ The Germans had been very thorough, but though four British soldiers were hidden in the house when they arrived, they did not find them, and she was able to get them safely away.

“The next thing I heard, however, she was arrested. At the trial my sister, who had been taken also about the same time, saw a great deal of her. She was very brave and calm through it all. The Germans were never able to prove that she was a spy; she merely helped people out of kindness. They condemned her to death while many others

who had been doing exactly the same thing received only a term of imprisonment. When asked why she did n't sign a request not to be shot, she replied, 'It is useless, because I am English.' The charges against her were espionage and high treason, but there is in history no precedent where a woman has been shot for such charges as were made against Edith Cavell."

The Queen was especially interested in the success of the Cavell-Depage hospital, for she knew the Depages well and had worked in the Doctor's operating-room at Ocean Hospital during the war. I was very happy over the results of our efforts, which had so far exceeded even my hopes that we had \$26,000 to give Her Majesty for the new institution. The committee gathered in a big room at the Longs' and formed a circle. The Queen made a tour of it, speaking to the members as I presented them and explained what the war service of each had been, for many organizations were represented.

Her Majesty was exquisitely dressed, in white, a gown in the latest French style with clinging lines, but devoid of drapery; over it she wore a silver cape trimmed with chinchilla fur. Her deli-

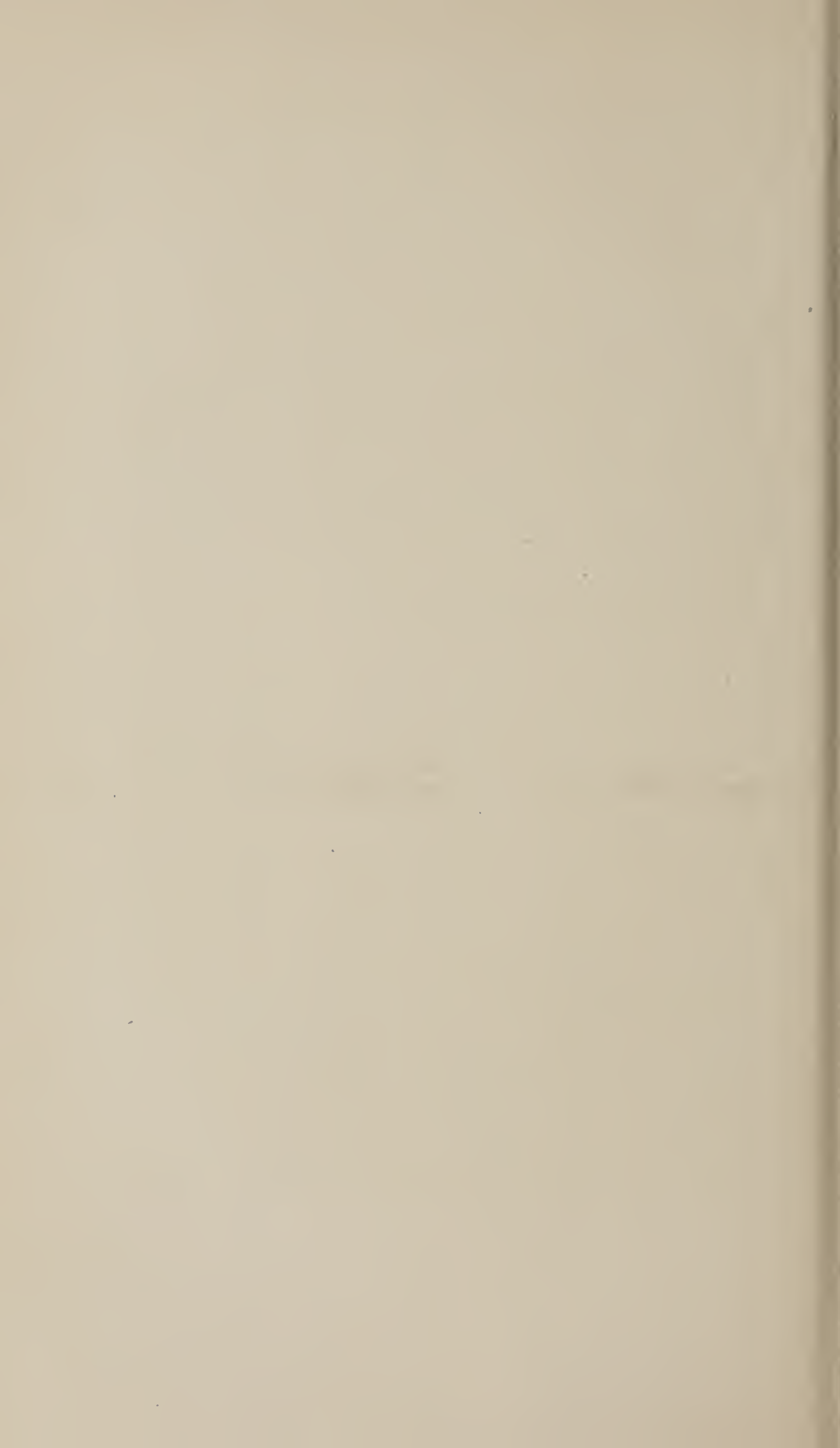
cate, sensitive face and tiny stature made her seem very fragile. She is not exactly beautiful, but has that much rarer and more precious quality we call charm, enhanced by an attractive shyness and a touch of wistfulness that are very appealing. It must have been hard for any one who had not actually seen her at work to realize what heroic and thoroughly important services she rendered her people. A woman of great intelligence, she is, besides, a surgical nurse of long experience, and became a sort of unofficial minister of public health in "Belgium Libre." Not only did she care for the wounded at La Panne, but sometimes under heavy fire in a cellar near the front lines.

She came into Ocean Hospital every morning, when I was there, and dressed wounds, doing the work usually assigned to doctors. One man whom she bandaged, I remember, had both legs cut off, another a badly shattered arm, and so on. It took courage to see such dreadful wounds, and to hear men grinding their teeth with pain, screaming, and biting their blankets, but in spite of this she performed her difficult tasks well and never flinched.

The same afternoon that she received the Cavell-Depage committee, Her Majesty and the



THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS



King gave private audiences to former Ministers to Belgium and their wives — Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, Mr. Marburg, and ourselves. The Sovereigns stood in the center of the room with a lady-in-waiting and an aide near by. We had a few minutes of pleasant chat with them about old days in Brussels and war-time days in La Panne, and peace days in this country. An audience with royalty is never very amusing; the time is always short for they have to see so many people.

George Washington University conferred a degree upon the King, the beautiful hall of the Daughters of the Revolution being borrowed for the occasion. Members of the faculty and those who had received honorary degrees from the university sat on the stage, their somber black robes relieved with dashes of color from hoods or tassels. As I had been given my degree of Litt.D. by this university, I was privileged to sit with them. L. had an end seat which happened to be near the side door through which the King presently entered very quietly. His Majesty recognized L. and stopped to shake hands with him as he was passing. He wore a cap and gown, and followed

by the Duke of Brabant and by President Collier, was escorted to the platform and given the chair in the center of the stage while the President made a speech and handed him the diploma. The King replied, and then amid much applause departed as he had come, while the Marine Band played.

The Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall were to give Their Majesties the first dinner, but as they lived at a hotel they asked their friend Mrs. Walsh, the widow of the mining king of Colorado, to let them have it at her house. The invitations, of course, were sent out in the Marshalls' name. Years before Mr. Walsh had known King Albert's uncle, old King Leopold, through some business connection, and the King had said that he hoped some day to come to America and visit the Walshes. So when Mr. Walsh built the huge residence on Massachusetts Avenue, he had a gold bathtub made and put into the suite that he reserved for the King. Alas, the royal visit was never paid, but at least his successor had a chance to dine in the house, even if he never used the tub.

At this dinner the gold service was used. The

story goes that an order was issued that there should be few or no flowers, so that democratic simplicity might prevail. From this it would appear that democratic simplicity includes gold dishes, but bars floral offerings.

A red carpet was laid for Royalty, however, and a special entrance kept open for them. As the hour drew near, crowds gathered to see the arrival. When the royal motor stopped and the King's aide, all covered with gold lace and looking older, if anything, than the King himself, got out, an old lady in the crowd cried, "It's the King's son! The King's son!" Everybody laughed, and when the Duke of Brabant, wearing his simple private's uniform, appeared, she would not believe it was the heir to the Belgian throne.

Accompanied by a secret service man, the Duke came several times to our house, and went quietly up to one of the Belgian officers' rooms. The first time he came, L. was notified and went to the room, where he found the boy smoking and chatting. The Duke expressed a desire to see the house, so L. took him over it, finding him particularly interested in his collection of tarpon and sailfish caught off Florida. I went down and had

a few words of conversation with him. He is a tall, handsome boy, blond and with good features, delicate, clear-cut ones like his mother's, and — also like her — a little shy, though perhaps being only seventeen had something to do with that. I remembered him as a child in Brussels, but had missed seeing him in La Panne, as the night I dined with Their Majesties he was upstairs ill with a cold. While in Washington he went to all the functions that the others attended, but on account of the President's illness I believe they felt there should be no dancing parties for him, so the poor boy really did n't meet many young people or have very much fun. But royalties seldom do have any, so far as I can see. To be forever trying to say and do the right thing, and to be obliged to be nice to people they don't give a fig for must be a dreadful bore.

Neither could the Belgian officers, some of whom did not speak English, have had a very good time, especially at the big official dinners, served without the wine to which they were accustomed, and sitting next to important old ladies who could n't speak French. But when they came back to us after dinner each evening, we had a

few girls in who could talk with them, and served wine and sandwiches, and had music, so I hope they enjoyed themselves a little.

There were Belgians as well as Americans who were not invited to functions which they had expected to attend, and some who were promised decorations that they had not received, and some who had sent flowers for which they had never been thanked. As we were in mourning and could not go to anything (though the Vice-President had kindly inquired if we could dine with them), it was altogether very diverting for us to hear the gossip.

The second night of their stay in Washington, the Secretary of State had a large dinner at his house and the Diplomatic Corps was invited, and the third evening the Belgian Ambassador had a dinner and a small reception. After this they left for Newport News and sailed for home.

Soon after this, being rather tired, we went to White Sulphur Springs, in West Virginia, for a rest. The waters were excellent, the air fine, and the walks over the hills delightful. While we were there the Prince of Wales arrived in the United States from Canada. Friends of ours who had met

him in the Dominion had written us most enthusiastically that he was a charming fellow, but we had little thought of seeing him ourselves.

In Washington Mr. Perry Belmont's house was given over to His Royal Highness, and the Vice-President had a dinner for him there. The return dinner was held in the British Embassy, with a reception afterwards. A huge reception also took place in the Congressional Library, where people poured in all the evening. The Prince's right arm was no longer in a sling. Some one said that the grasp of a cow-boy in Canada had been so hearty that it had broken one of the bones in his hand. After he had shaken hands for two hours, it was suggested to the Prince that he need not receive any longer.

"They have come here to see me," he said, "and I don't wish to disappoint any one." It was one o'clock before he finished.

The Prince did not follow the precedent of the King of the Belgians and address the Senate. But, like him, he did have tea with Mrs. Wilson at the White House, and later visited the President in his bedroom, Mr. Wilson wearing for the occasion his famous gray sweater. As the Prince was fond



THE PRINCE OF WALES

of dancing, several impromptu parties were given for him late in the afternoon, and after the formal dinners.

His Highness's visit to White Sulphur was kept very quiet. The first we knew about it, some friends telephoned down from Washington, asking us to engage rooms for them at the hotel where we were staying. The Prince would arrive *incognito*, they said, in order that he might have a few restful days to play golf and write his speeches for New York.

Neither of the distinguished British generals connected with the Embassy, nor his American aides, Admiral Niblack and General Biddle, accompanied him, but only his suite. Our American military *attaché* to London during the war was there, but unofficially, and his wife and niece and several charming girls from Washington.

It appeared that years ago, Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, had come to White Sulphur, and there all the belles of the South had gathered to greet him, and tradition may have had something to do with his grandson's more recent visit.

The first evening the Prince descended into the hotel ballroom and danced with the pretty

American girls, from whom he seemed much interested to learn some new steps. He was not in uniform, and looked shorter and stockier than I had expected, and sturdier, too. I had the pleasure of meeting him, and L., who knew London well, as he had been in the Embassy four years, talked with him a number of times during his stay.

Sunday morning there was a service in the little Episcopal church, which was, of course, filled to overflowing. The Prince attended, with his suite, and the Bishop of Virginia preached, the rector of the church reading the service. The only unusual feature came during one of the prayers. Apparently the rector had an old Church of England prayer-book, and when he came to the prayer for the Royal Family he prayed for the Prince of Wales, hesitated for a moment and then, to the amusement of everybody, plunged on, "and for the Princess of Wales."

His Royal Highness invited us to luncheon that Sunday, his naval aide making a fourth. The rooms just over ours — bedroom, smoking-room, parlor, and dining-room — had been made ready, and when the time came we went up there. The

Prince received us very graciously and insisted on mixing us some cocktails, himself. He said we were to lunch downstairs in the sun parlor off the dining-room. As we started to leave the room, of course I fell back to allow him to pass first through the door. But not at all — he said I must go first, and was as natural and nice about it as he could be.

During the meal he told us of his trip in Canada and of his Washington visit. Remembering that his grandfather had known Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, he had called on her, and when I remarked how brilliant she was, he replied enthusiastically, "Yes, a very remarkable woman!" When I asked him how he found the President, he said, "He looked to me like a very sick man." We talked of the war and La Panne. He knew nearly all the fronts in Europe, having served with the armies of France, Belgium, and Italy, as well as with those of the United States and Great Britain. Some one described him as being "a fighting man with fighting men."

As we heard he was to play golf after luncheon, we did not remain long after the meal was finished. He walked with us to the elevator, and then

left for his game. Later that afternoon I saw him for the last time, as we were leaving next morning for Washington. It was out on the links, and he was playing very well, in spite of the interested crowd that followed him about.

We heard more about him from the girls who dined that evening with him, how they had all played games, and how jolly and natural he was. The next afternoon they danced again until the time came for his train to leave for New York.

The British are all very proud of their Prince, and now that we have seen him for ourselves we do not wonder. One of the big American dailies quoted the words of some noted Englishman in appreciation of our magnificent welcome to the Prince, and then added a line which seems to express our feelings pretty adequately —

“Aw, we like the kid!”

The last event of the autumn before leaving Washington, so far as we were concerned, was a luncheon at our house to which General Pershing came. He was very jolly and agreeable, and we talked of the days in the Philippines and our meeting again during this war at Chaumont.



THE PERSHING PARADE, SEPTEMBER 15, 1919
From an Aeroplane

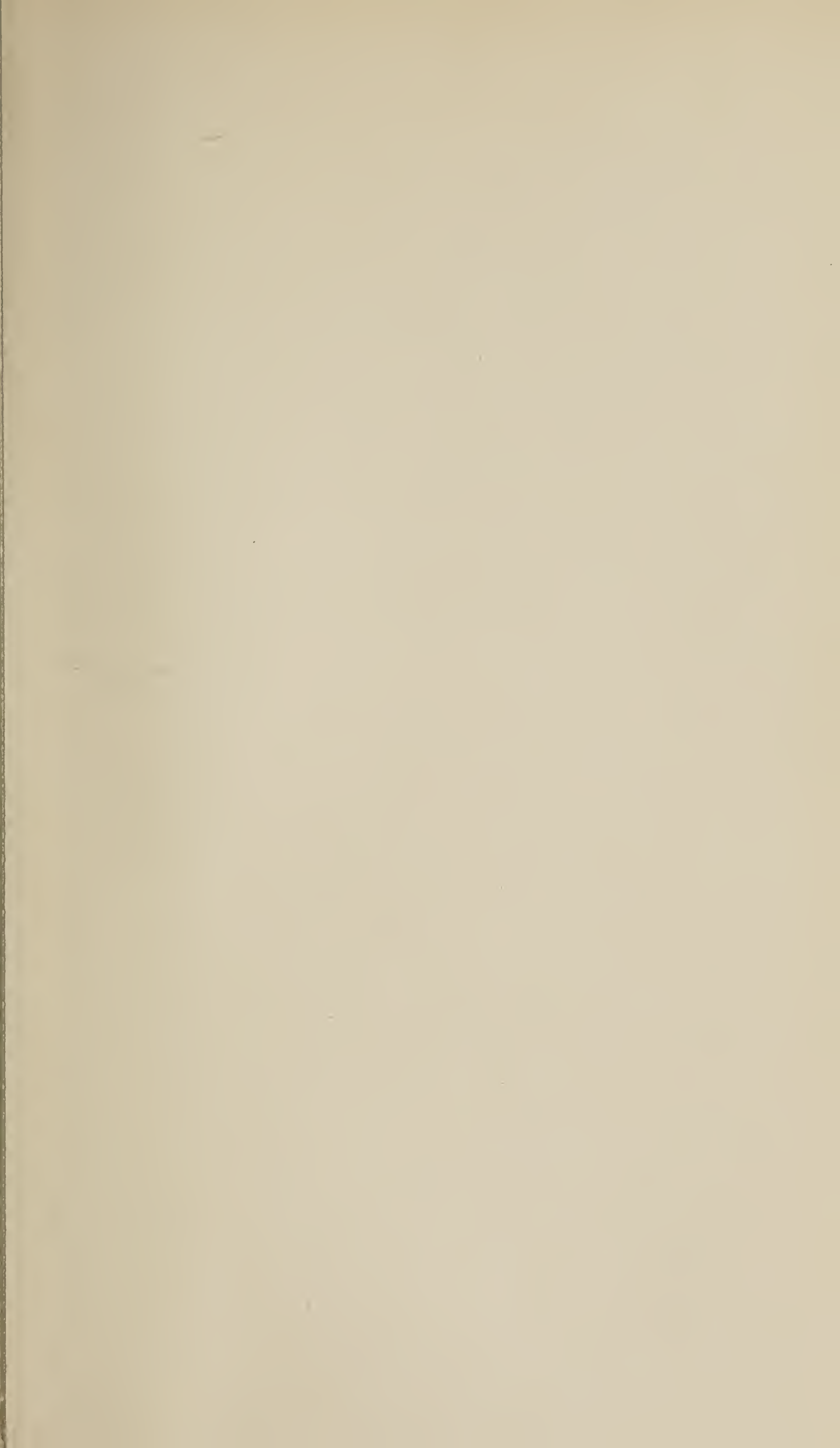
Afterwards he and I went to the Liberty Hut and both made speeches to open the Red Cross drive. Mrs. Baker sang about "Pershing's Boys" and the Marine Band played, and the General was received with much enthusiasm by the three thousand people gathered there — wounded soldiers, nurses, canteen workers, all in uniform.

It reminded me of the day a short time before when the General had led his troops down Pennsylvania Avenue — what a superb sight that was! We had the good fortune to get corner rooms at the New Willard so that we could see the soldiers marching, and hear the bands from a great distance as they paraded from the Capitol to the White House.

Down the long avenue they came, in perfect order, motors and guns and ambulances and nurses and canteen workers, and then the boys themselves — "Pershing's Pets" — what a splendid body of men they were, like Roman legionaries in their steel helmets. It gave me a thrill, as it had a few months before when I had seen them — the very same men, perhaps — at the front. What fine condition they were in, and how magnificently they marched! The most impressive

thing was the solemnity of it all, the absolute earnestness of the soldiers, marching eyes front in perfect silence despite the enthusiastic cheers that greeted them on every side. It made one proud, indeed, to be an American.

THE END



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